McKean County Miner.

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NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner

[illegible] ROGERS & SON, Publishers.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—L. A. Watres.
State Treasurer—Jas. W. Morrison.
Auditor General—David McM. Gregg.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—[illegible], Bradford.
Members of Assembly—[illegible], Bradford; H. H. North, Bradford.
District Attorney—J. W. Bouton, Smethport.
Sheriff—Walter Grubb, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. M. McElroy, Smethport.
County Treasurer—[illegible], Bradford.
Commissioners—[illegible]
Clerk—M. R. Greer, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—[illegible]
Auditors—[illegible]
Coroner—[illegible]
Mercantile Appraiser—W. A. Young, Farmers Valley.
Surveyor—[illegible], Bradford.
County School Sup't—[illegible], Smethport.

BOROUGH.

[illegible]

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, First Monday in June and October and second Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. [illegible], meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at [illegible] o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street. WM. F. [illegible], W. M. [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets every evening at [illegible] o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible] G. W. KING, N. G. [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. [illegible], meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. G. W. King, Chief Patriarch. [illegible], Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. [illegible], meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at [illegible] o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block. [illegible], Com. [illegible], Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Wednesday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block. [illegible], Pres. [illegible], Sec'y.

Knights of St. John and Malta—[illegible]

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, [illegible] Block. [illegible], M. W. [illegible], Recorder.

E. A. U.—Smethport Union, No. [illegible], meets on second and Fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall. [illegible], President. [illegible], Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. [illegible], meets every Monday evening at [illegible] in A. O. U. W. hall, [illegible] Block. [illegible], Com. [illegible], R. K.

[illegible]

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday afternoon at [illegible] p. m., in their hall, [illegible] Block. [illegible], Pres. [illegible], Sec'y.

Churches.

[illegible]

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Stone & Hurlburt. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Offices: [illegible] Hall, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. Bouton. ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Geo. A. Berry. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. [illegible] Block, Bradford, Pa.

Hamlin & Forrest. LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. [illegible] situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Robert H. Rose. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over [illegible] Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton. ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in [illegible] Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. L. Keenan. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite [illegible] House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

M. H. Byles. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. [illegible] Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

Mullin & Mullin. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, [illegible] Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

M. R. Mayo. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa.

F. M. Cotter. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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P. Ford. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. [illegible] Pa.

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John Clark, M. D. C. M. Office and Residence in [illegible] Block, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. W. P. [illegible]. Mt. Jewett, Pa. Office in [illegible] Block.

J. C. Brown. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in [illegible] Building, Smethport, Pa.

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This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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[illegible]

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In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

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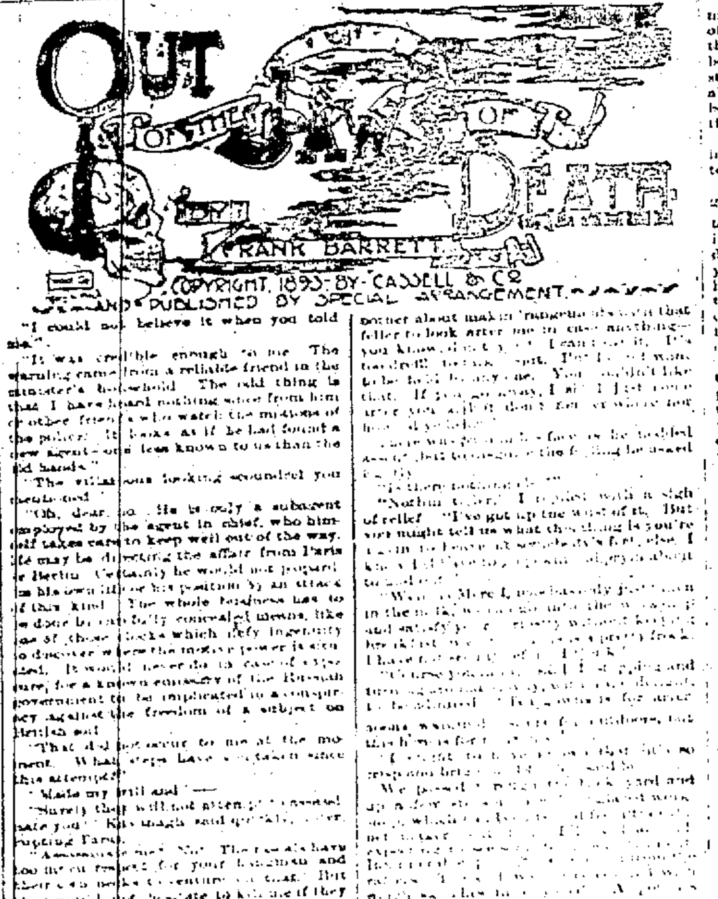
OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH
BY
FRANK BARRETT
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"I could not believe it when you told me."

"It was credible enough to me. The warning came from a reliable friend in the minister's household. The odd thing is that I have heard nothing since from him or other friends who watch the motions of the police. It looks as if he had found a new agent—one less known to us than the old hands."

"The villainous looking scoundrel you mentioned?"

"Oh, dear, no. He is only a subagent employed by the agent in chief, who himself takes care to keep well out of the way. He may be directing the affair from Paris or Berlin. Certainly he would not jeopardize his own life or his position by an attack of this kind. The whole business has to be done by carefully concealed means, like one of those clocks which defy ingenuity to discover where the motive power is situated. It would never do in case of exposure, for a known emissary of the Russian government to be implicated in a conspiracy against the freedom of a subject on British soil."

"That did not occur to me at the moment. What steps have you taken since this attempt?"

"Made my will and"—

"Surely they will not attempt to assassinate you!" Kavanagh said quickly, interrupting Taras.

"Assassinate me? No. The rascals have too great respect for your [illegible] and their own necks to venture on that. But they would not hesitate to kill me if they could justify themselves by a plea of self defense. That might have happened the other night if they had not [illegible] completely by surprise that I could offer no resistance. Every one of them had his knife ready and I should have been cut down as sure as fate if their [illegible] failed me. Taking place in a [illegible] lodging house, my death would have been attributed to a drunken brawl and all evidence of my identity being removed it is doubtful if the papers would take any notice of the affair. It was all calculated to a nicety. The agent must have gone over the ground and mapped it out clearly. I would give anything to know who he is."

"It is horrible to fight in the dark. You never know when the blow may fall!"

"No, nor who may strike it. That's the worst part of the business. It shakes one's faith. The man you trust turns out to be an enemy—your favorite haunt a nest of spies—anything may happen at any moment. I fancy they will give me a respite now. I am all right for a time."

"Is it not possible," said Kavanagh, "is there not just a chance that the attack was intended rather as a warning than anything else, and that they would have suffered you to escape if the girl had not forestalled them? If they silenced you tonight, your works would still exist. They cannot undo them, and they know it. Sent to Siberia, you become a martyr, and greater importance is given to your work. It seems to me that the [illegible] the minister, the czar himself, will be satisfied with this manifestation of power and drop the affair."

"For a time possibly, probably [illegible]. But when they find that I do not profit by their warning and will not accept their conditions of neutrality—that I am neither a child nor a silly woman to be frightened by menaces of future punishment from the course directed by my conscience"—

"But, my dear fellow, it is not as if you were still an active enemy."

"If you think I am nothing but a passive enemy, you are wrong," said Taras, with more fire in his voice than I had yet heard. "They have something to [illegible]. For months I have been meditating a new attack, and the czar knows it, for he has spies in my camp as well as friends in his. I have only been waiting for the idea, and the idea came to my mind the night I saw Aura. I owe her that, as well as herself. Come up with me, and I will show the shell I am preparing to throw at the czar's feet."

As their chairs moved I slipped from the door and [illegible] what I [illegible] and formed a [illegible] conception of its meaning.

CHAPTER XII.
[illegible]

Taras gave me his hand when we met the next morning [illegible]. I took it in silence [illegible] the form of greeting which I had never before exchanged with any one, and which now kindled an [illegible] in my breast that drew all my blood [illegible]. But before I let his warm palm leave my clinging fingers the earnest purpose I had come to in the night [illegible] itself, and I said:

"Here, I am a-goin to begin today in real earnest."

"That's right," said he, smiling, but with serious feeling in his deep eyes.

"I ain't a-goin to talk slang to any living soul again 'cept to you. I'm a-goin to talk French like Mere Lucas does. Presently I'll go in the kitchen and p'int out things, and I'll just listen to her till I learn to say what she's drivin at. And I'm a-goin to take stock of everything you do, too, and say things softer like and more pleasant, same as what you do. And I'll set to and learn readin and writing if you only show me how—just for a start. But I ain't a-goin to be no more trouble than I can help. Whatever you tell me to do, I'll take and do it, whether I likes it or not—see?"

"Yes."

"Here"—after swallowing my compunction—"I heard all what you said last night."

"So I perceive."

"When you're a-goin out, and don't want to take me along of you, do you mind tellin me where you are goin and 'bout what time you'll be home?"

"I am not sure that I should quite like that."

"Oh, don't fancy I'm a-goin to foller you about and be a nuisance. No fear! I shouldn't like that myself. But if you didn't turn up, say two or three hours after the time, I might jist take a shivvey round and see if it was all right, doncher know? It shouldn't make no difference to you, 'cause I'd take care you didn't know it, but it'd make a lot of difference to me, 'cause I shouldn't have to do it underhanded like, and I should feel a lump easier."

"In that case, I will tell you when I think of it."

Then, seeing by my troubled look, possibly, and my silence that my mind was not yet relieved of its charge, he added:

"Anything else, little friend?"

"Here it is," said Taras.

"Yes, I [illegible] nothink else to say, but it [illegible] half way. Here, don't you [illegible] porter about makin' inquiries as wot that feller to look arter me in case anything [illegible] you know, don't you? I can't see it. It's too droll [illegible]. You wouldn't like to be tied to any one. You wouldn't like that. If you go away, I [illegible] just [illegible] arter you [illegible]."

[illegible]

"Nothin' to fear," I replied, with a sigh of relief. "I've got up the worst of it. But you might tell me what the thing is you're a-goin to throw at somebody's feet, else I [illegible]."

[illegible]

"There it is," said Taras, lifting the last fold of the cloth [illegible] three figures [illegible] modeled in clay.

I looked round the stand [illegible] at the soft clay, and then, looking at Taras in perplexity, said:

"Why, it's only images."

"That is all."

"Well, what harm will it do anybody if you throw that at his feet? It wouldn't kill him if you threw it at his head."

"Ah, but this is only a sketch of a much larger one I shall make," said he, with a twinkle of merriment in his eye. "The figures will be life size and they will be burned hard in a kiln, which, you see, would make a difference if it came to throwing it at anybody's head, but that was only a manner of speaking. Come, I will make it clear to you if I can. This female figure represents my country in the last stage of despair and humiliation. The man tearing the dress from her shoulders is a brutal executioner with an iron tongued whip in his hand. The third figure is the czar, who has given the order for this helpless woman to be flogged and is standing by to see his order carried out, callous to his victim's suffering."

"What has the woman done?"

"She has dared to tell the czar that she is not his slave."

"What's the [illegible] the woman?" I asked.

[illegible]

"To show he's got more [illegible] than the man has?"

"That's it. You begin to see what I mean."

[illegible]

If he could be [illegible] of the police. My [illegible] that [illegible] of self preservation [illegible] fierce desire and determination to find out and fight this secret emissary of the czar. The enemy once discovered, I would meet cunning with cunning [illegible] hesitate at nothing to save the man who made the world dear to me. It would be a fight for life, and one of us must fall.

CHAPTER XIII.
AN ODD DIARY.

In my room there was a table with an empty drawer which fastened with a key. It is half full of rubbish—odds and ends of all sorts secreted there as souvenirs of those early days when I was incapable of keeping any other kind of diary. They have served their purpose. There is not a scrap which fails to recall the very sentiment of the moment when I laid it away, and it would be easy for me to compile a minute record of my life in Lambeth from them alone. A few of these trifles will suffice to indicate the course of events during the early months of my new life.

Here at the very bottom are three penny novelettes, bought for the illustrations on the cover, which alone were intelligible to me. In one "Lady Ermyntrude overhears the conspiracy" and is represented listening, with horror on her face, at a half opened door; in another "Gwendoline denounces the baronet," who is quailing in terror before her outstretched finger, and in the third "Cyril says 'Die!' and shoots the villain"—and a most unmistakable villain he is—"through the heart." These pictures fascinated me. The heroines were all tall and beautiful, and a couple of them were in evening dress. I put myself in their place. The ladylike accomplishment of eavesdropping I had already practiced. I had only to unmask the secret enemy of Taras and shoot him through the heart to be perfectly satisfied. And the means seemed almost within my reach. The revolver had not been removed from my room. For weeks I carried that dangerous and rather cumbrous weapon in my dress pocket. I smile now at my simplicity, but my purpose was no laughing matter then. I was in terrible earnest.

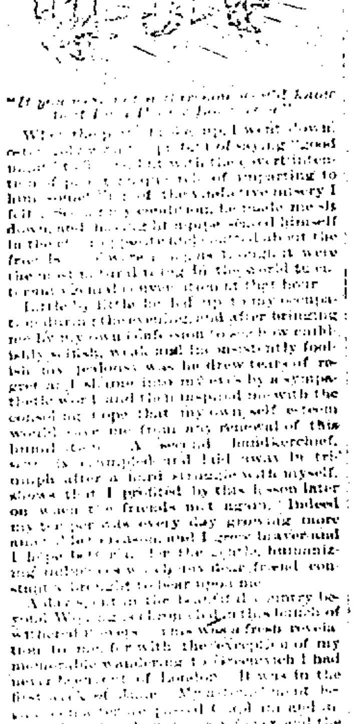
A long claspknife marks the day when I thought I might dispense with part of my portable armory which knocked against my knee whenever I moved about. The complete absence of fear shown by Taras and the mild manner and innocent look of all his visitors had greatly calmed my apprehensions, and in addition to this a wider intelligence showed me that the hand counted for less than the brain in coping with the subtle enemy of Taras.

One night Taras took me to the Westminster Music hall. Here is the programme of the spectacle which constituted two-thirds of the entertainment. I had never before been inside a theater, and when I stood in the stalls and looked round and above me I was quite overcome with astonishment at the vastness and brilliancy of the house.

"I should think this is the grandest place in all the world," I said in a lowered voice to Taras.

A little farther on there is another programme, showing that soon after we went to the Lyceum theater. The play made less impression on my mind. I could not understand it all. My intelligence was not yet sufficiently expanded to comprehend the higher art, and perhaps this was why Taras took me first to the music hall. Still that evening's experience was delightful, and the long talks it led to afterward opened quite a new field of ideas.

Very different emotions are recalled by this [illegible], torn and shredded in a passion of furious jealousy. I must have used my teeth to rend it in this way. It was that evening when George Gordon dropped in after dinner and Kavanagh, with a couple of friends [illegible]. As it was [illegible], I went up to my room to avoid [illegible], for I had stuck scrupulously to my determination to speak English only to Taras, and I was only just beginning to make myself understood in French to Mere Lucas. The men stayed and played cards until 2 in the morning, and I sat on the stairs listening to the sounds that came from below, with venomous jealousy rankling in my breast, the cold sweat of rage beading my lips and brow, when the social voice and hearty laugh of Taras reached my ear.



"If you [illegible] know [illegible]"

When the [illegible] broke up, I went down [illegible] with the [illegible] purpose of saying "good night" [illegible] with the overbearing intention of imparting to him some [illegible] of the vindictive misery I felt. [illegible] down and [illegible] himself in the [illegible] about the [illegible] the most natural thing in the world to [illegible] at that hour.

Little by little he led up to my occupation during the evening, and after bringing me by my own confession to see how culpably selfish, weak and inconsistently foolish my jealousy was he drew tears of regret and shame into my eyes by a sympathetic word and then inspired me with the consoling hope that my own self esteem would save me from any renewal of this humiliation. A [illegible] handkerchief [illegible] crumpled and laid away in triumph after a hard struggle with myself, shows that I profited by this lesson later on when the friends met again. Indeed my temper was every day growing more amenable to reason, and I grew braver and I hope better, for the gentle, humanizing influences which my dear friend constantly brought to bear upon me.

A day spent in the beautiful country beyond Wandsworth [illegible] this bunch of withered flowers. This was a fresh revelation to me, for with the exception of my memorable wandering to Greenwich I had never been out of London. It was in the first week of June. [illegible]

[illegible] When we were [illegible] the country and away from [illegible] and people, I felt that I must [illegible] or run or cry to give vent to my excited emotion. It seemed as if Taras [illegible]. I saw with his eyes, [illegible], and in my heart was a [illegible] love and divine [illegible] more to his nature [illegible] picked these flowers [illegible] them on my pillow and [illegible] on their cool petals [illegible].

[illegible] a collection of [illegible] Borgensky, exhibited [illegible] Bond street. I [illegible] the word "nihilism" and [illegible] in Lambeth, and one morning when we were walking in the park [illegible] to go out for an hour [illegible]. I asked Taras to tell me what a nihilist was.

"A Russian [illegible]," said he, "is a man who [illegible] his country such [illegible] if we can get [illegible] he would be quite content with [illegible]."

[illegible]

"Have you always been a nihilist?" I asked.

"No, I was once a servant—I might almost say a friend—of the czar, who is now my enemy."

"What made you become a nihilist?"

He [illegible] longer than he usually did before replying to my questions and then said:

"I will show you, Aura," and turning from the path he led me across the park and over Piccadilly into Bond street. There we entered a large gallery which was already crowded with well dressed people. The walls were covered with pictures. I may say without exaggeration that there were hundreds of paintings. There were some large ones representing battle scenes, and others quite small, for the most part portraits, but the greater number, and those which attracted most attention, illustrated prison and exile life in Russia and scenes relating to the march of prisoners into Siberia. The misery of this awful march, the attendant horrors of the etapes, where men and women, old and young, where the habitual criminal and the tenderly nurtured girl, condemned without trial by the administrative process, were herded together in loathsome garments without regard to decency or health and with less care for their preservation than would be bestowed upon cattle, were shown in such vivid reality that one turned with a feeling of sickness from the canvas, as if the reek of pollution and disease steamed from them.

"This is what made me a nihilist," Taras said in a low voice.

"You have seen all this?" I asked.

He nodded.

A plethoric young man with long hair was passing judgment on the picture in the loud tone of conceit.

"Vigor, I grant you," he said. "But the thing is overdone. The effect he aims at is spoiled by exaggeration. Borgensky may be a rabid nihilist, but it is equally clear that he is making capital out of a political boom; in fact"—he added in a confidential tone—"he almost admitted the fact when I taxed him with it here the other day."

"That is not true!" said Taras, raising his voice.

The knot of admirers about the stout young dilettante turned round, and the youth himself, scanning Taras from head to foot, said, with impudent contempt:

"Beg pardon, may I ask who you are?"

"If you were not a liar," replied Taras, "you would know that I am Prince Borgensky."

It was in this way that I came to know who Taras was.

CHAPTER XIV.
A WARNING.

One morning I was particularly bright and happy. Taras and I had risen early, by arrangement made over night, and gone to the flower market at Covent Garden, from which we returned laden with flowers, and I was then disposing them about our pretty living room. Mere Lucas surprised me by [illegible] a phrase which she had not used for a long time.

"Pauvre cherie, va!" said she in a trembling voice, regarding me with tender commiseration in her broad, motherly face as she stood before me with her hands planted on her massive hips.

"Why do you say that, Mere Lucas?" I asked, for I could now speak in French with tolerable fluency. "I have everything I want."

"It is true, it is true. Thank heaven, you have everything you desire."

"Then why do you say 'poor dearie' with that look of sadness?"

"Why do I say it?" she said, echoing my words to gain time for reflection. She hesitated. Her lips trembled as if she were about to tell something that prudence withheld, and then taking me by the arms and drawing me to her breast she got out of the difficulty by saying: "Because I love you. Go," and with a sounding kiss she released me and went off to her kitchen. I accepted this feminine explanation then, but before long the same expression cropped up again apropos of nothing when I was singing from sheer want of thought. That set me wondering. What was there in my condition that appealed to her sympathy? I was no longer the deplorable creature that first excited her pity. Why would a merry laugh now and then be checked by a sigh as she squeezed my hand, or end in a rueful shake of the head and a look of tearful sadness?

Another phase of her affectionate regard added to my perplexity before long. She became remarkably urgent in her praise of George Gordon and lost no opportunity of bringing us together.

"Good day, Mme. Lucas," Gordon would cry in his cheery voice and execrable French when the door was opened to him. "Fine weather, isn't it? Is M. Taras in his studio?"

"I will go and see," Mere Lucas responded in good Norman, "but behold ma'm'selle all alone," and opening the sitting room door she gave the poor man no option but to enter and pass a quarter of an hour with me, and a bad quarter of an hour it usually was for him owing to his very limited knowledge of French and my obstinate perseverance in speaking English only to Taras.

He was a nice fellow and the most intimate friend of Taras. A stronger bond of friendship existed between them than between Taras and Kavanagh, perhaps because there was more weakness in Gordon's character. Kavanagh was undoubtedly stronger in purpose and action, which was the reason, I believe, for Taras choosing him rather than Gordon as a guardian for me in case of accident.

I liked Gordon for his honest simplicity, his obvious kindness of heart and for a certain resemblance to Taras in personal appearance and some phases of character. Like Taras, he was strong and big, fair and blue eyed, careless with regard to dress—in striking contrast to Kavanagh, who always dressed perfectly and had never a hair astray—and his voice was hearty and outspoken.

They had both the same good laugh, the same honest, open way of looking you full in the eyes, the same gentleness and ready sympathy. Both might have been cast from the same mold, but Gordon was the rough cast, still needing the finishing touch and polish which gave Taras his immense superiority. Gordon's eyes lacked the artistic depth and his expression the high intelligence and serious bent that distinguished Taras—just as his manner was wanting in some quality which marked the high breeding and refinement of his friend. In their hands more than anything the difference between them found expression. Gordon's were pretty, with tapering fingers and a dimple in the knuckle, soft and slow in movement. Taras had long, thin fingers with spatula tips, and they were full of nervous energy.

"Ah, what a good husband he would make, that good M. Gordon!" Mere Lucas more than once exclaimed. "So rich, so amiable, so gay and with such a good heart and so easy to lead!"

But it never occurred to me that I should lead one. No idea of marriage ever entered my head at that time.

Seeing that I failed to profit by her hints and that I was as far as ever from regarding Gordon as a possible husband, Mere Lucas took more decisive means of warning me against the danger which lay unseen beneath my ever increasing attachment to Taras. She found me one morning alone in his workshop setting some fresh flowers in the brown jar by the window.

"It is good to put flowers where he may see them when he turns from his work," said she, "for his heart must be heavy, like a sick person without hope, when he thinks and thinks hour after hour of the misery of his country. How grand it is!" she added, turning to the life size group, now nearly finished, which Taras had modeled in the past month from the smaller sketch. "How it strikes one with pity and stirs up one's heart! One would say that poor beaten creature had no hope in the world. It is magnificent. And to think that out of a piece of soft, shapeless clay he makes a figure which fills one with sympathy for that poor Russian! It is grand to have that power and the courage to practice it. But the gift was not meant for him. It should have been given to one with no wish to live, no love for home and friends, not to my dear master. How fond he is of the world, of simple things, of us, look you! See how sweet he is with children and think what happiness it would have been to such a man to have a dear wife and children of his own to love!"

The idea of Taras with a wife for his companion presenting itself to my selfish mind for the first time filled me with jealous terror.

"Why should he not marry?" I asked, giving expression to my fear.

"Because he ought not to marry. That is reason enough for him. His choice is made. He has offered to sacrifice his life for his country, and with that fate hanging over him he will never marry. Believe me, my poor little friend, for I know my master, and I tell you that he will never marry—never, never!"

CHAPTER XV.
AWAKENING.

I understood now the meaning of Mere Lucas' ominous headshakings, of her endeavor to promote an attachment between me and Gordon, and of this last measure by which she had shown me that Taras would never marry. She feared that my affection for him was ripening into love and that I should expect him to make me his wife.

The relation quite stupefied me, and I sank down silently on the stool by his bench, with tears that I could not account for gathering in my eyes and a feeling of desolation and loss in my heart.

Mere Lucas kissed me and went away with a little sob of sympathy. "He will never marry me," I said to myself, trying to realize my situation and find an explanation of the sadness that oppressed me. Undoubtedly love, unknown to me, had been smoldering in my breast from the first moment that Taras smiled at me, and to burst up into flame it only needed that unfortunate touch by which old Mere Lucas attempted to stifle it.

"He will not marry me," I said, repeating her words with a little addition of my own. Then slowly the graver import of her warning dawned upon me. His reason for avoiding marriage was not because he could not love, but because he would not doom his wife to widowhood or exile to Siberia—because he knew that ere long he must die or be taken prisoner to Russia.

At this perception a cold sweat burst out upon my brow, as if I had become aware for the first time of this impending fate.

Going to my room, I took myself to task for my want of vigilance. What had I done to guard his life since the night when I learned that it was in danger? Nothing beyond carrying weapons in my pocket for a few weeks and listening when I found the chance to scraps of conversation that I could not understand, and even these feeble attempts had been abandoned lately, and I had suffered myself to be lulled into a state of carelessness by the absence of any open sign of hostility toward Taras and by his own disregard of precaution.

But this apathy on the part of the secret enemy I had been led to expect from the conversation of Taras and his friend Kavanagh. They had said that probably no further attempt would be made for some months. Those months were now passed. The critical time was at hand, for I had gathered from one or two remarks that any fresh offense to the czar would be the signal for a renewed and final effort to silence Taras. That fresh offense was about to be committed. The group of statuary was finished. The work of casting and burning done, the striking allegory would be publicly exhibited for all the world to talk of.

I recalled now, almost with stupefaction at my incredible indifference, an incident which proved that the secret enemy was on the alert and fully acquainted with Taras' design. The proprietor of the pottery at which it was intended to burn the clay group had called to inquire if the subject was of a political character. Taras of course admitted frankly that it was, and when Mr. H——, for commercial reasons, had begged to decline to give any assistance in the production he asked Mr. H—— what reason he had for suspecting that the work was a political one.

"My information, sir," said Mr. H——, "came in the form of an anonymous letter, and for that reason I felt that in justice to you I ought to have a personal verification of the fact before declining the commission."

When Gordon heard of this, he laughed and declared that there was not a word of truth in the statement.

"No anonymous letter was needed. Old H—— has found out that you are Borgensky, the nihilist, and with the hope of knighthood before him and the dread of losing a sale or two in Russia he thinks it best to decline the job."

At the time that explanation was accepted by me as readily as it was by Taras, but it was different with me now. I felt sure that the secret enemy had made this communication.

Who could he be? Clearly some one who had seen the group, and, not less obviously, one of the Russian visitors who called on Taras. But which of them? To my eyes they seemed all pretty much alike—meek, gloomy, unhappy looking men, dreadfully out at elbow, and the shrug of pity or frown of discontent with which Mere Lucas expressed her feeling regarding them was usually accompanied with a significant movement of the thumb and finger, which led me to understand that their object was to get money out of Taras. There was none who looked like a traitor, and I could not believe that any would be base enough to betray him to the police, for, however unhappy they looked on arriving, not one went away with disappointment in his face, and though Taras was careful to conceal his generosity I had reason to know that he gave away to his distressed countrymen infinitely more than he spent upon himself.

All through the night I taxed my brain with conjectures and surmises without arriving at any definite conclusion with regard to the identity of this dreaded enemy, and all I could do to silence my self reproach for past neglect was to vow that I would be more watchful and vigilant in the future.

And this vow was not made in vain.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE CZAR STRIKES.

While we were at breakfast the next morning a well known knock at the door was followed by the usual cheery formula:

"Good morning, Mme. Lucas. Fine weather, isn't it? Is M. Taras in his studio?"

"What can have brought out our friend so early?" exclaimed Taras as Mere Lucas admitted the visitor. "Welcome, George Gordon."

Gordon's broad forehead was beaded with perspiration.

"I was anxious to catch you before you went out, old man," he exclaimed, wiping his face with a large handkerchief after paying his devoirs to me in some choice scraps of French and laying an uncut illustrated magazine by my cup. "Couldn't get a cab, and—phew! the sun's blazing."

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope, to make you expose yourself in this way."

"Not a bit of it. But you'll never guess what has drawn me out of my den at this hour."

"I won't try. Never saw you out before midday before. What is it?"

"Business."

"Business—you, George Gordon—impossible!"

"It's a fact. I'll tell you all about it when we get up into the studio."

"No, tell me now. It's never too early to hear good news."

"Well, then—pardon me, mademoiselle, I can't express myself in French—have you found any one to burn your group yet awhile?"

"No. I have been to Cramps and Fisher and Hudson. No good. They're all frightened by the size. They haven't proper kilns for the work and can't do it."

"Then I will."

"You?"

"Yes, I've invested capital in a pottery."

"In order to help me out of my difficulty."

"Not entirely. The fact is, a kind of moral awakening is at the bottom of it. Don't laugh. It's no joke, I can tell you. I never felt so serious, so right down in earnest, in all my life. You know my conscience has been pricking me for some time past— There you go again. Can't a man have a conscience without being a redhot revolutionist like you? I tell you I have felt that my life has been misspent, and instead of lounging about doing nothing, except waste my money, I ought to occupy myself and invest my capital in some industry that would give employment to the laboring class."

Gordon spoke with perfect gravity, but I saw by the twitching of Taras' mustache as he bent over his tea that he found it difficult to listen to this announcement with a serious face.

"Now, old Bell—you know Colonel Bell, the fine old fellow who came with me about a month ago to look at your work—his feelings are just like mine only—poor old fellow—he hasn't got the cash. He's perhaps less concerned about the welfare of the laboring class than I am—it's you who have worked me up so tremendously in that way—but he's quite as eager to invest his capital in a paying concern. But the worst of it is, you know, he's got so deuced little of it that he couldn't very easily do anything off his own bat. And for the sake of his daughter he dare not venture it in a very risky concern. You know he has a daughter?"

Taras nodded, with a humorous twinkle in his eye and a kindly smile.

"Kavanagh tells me she is a most beautiful and charming young lady," he said.

"She is, old man," Gordon said enthusiastically, coloring up to his temples. "You must meet her. I've told her about Mlle. Aura, and she is most anxious to make her acquaintance."

"Doubtless," Taras' nod seemed to say.

"She is awfully nice. However, that has nothing to do with the affair. The thing is that the old gentleman and I have hit it off completely. He quite jumped at the proposal. Of course I take all risks."

Taras nodded, as if this arrangement was the most natural thing in the world between men of business, and asked when the idea had first struck Gordon.

"The very day that humbug H—— backed out of the affair and you expressed an opinion that it would be difficult to find another pottery where such a work could be fired. By the luckiest chance possible I learned the same day that Perry, round the corner, wanted to sell his works."

"The ginger beer bottle place?" Taras asked with a little ruefulness in his face.

"Oh, he does drain pipes as well. But of course we shall build a new kiln—can't make bricks without straw, you know—and get the best workmen that are to be had. I haven't said a word on this matter to any one for fear the negotiations might fall through, but last night the affair was concluded satisfactorily, and we enter into possession at once. As soon as you are ready the workmen can set about casting the group, so that it will be dry and be ready for burning by the time the kiln is finished—of course, old man, supposing that you are willing to give us the job."

"A proper kiln and good workmen—I ask for nothing more than that."

NOTICE TO [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Remember that for [illegible] we send the MINER and [illegible] one year.

"You may depend on having them. Anything is to be had for money, and I shall be only too glad to put mine to such good use. You know how thoroughly I sympathize with your cause. That alone would command my fortune, but look what a start this job will give us—what an advertisement!"

Taras stretched out his hand and grasped his friend's in a silence more expressive than any verbal testimony of his faith in Gordon and recognition of the generous motive that underlay his scheme.

We saw a great deal of Gordon during the following week. [illegible] there was a long [illegible] shop with [illegible] the cleverest [illegible] in the trade with [illegible] to the casting of the group, which [illegible] now wanted [illegible] touch, and [illegible] day following [illegible]. Taras sent me [illegible] the workmen were gone, and I found him in the workshop. There he stood before his work with folded arms, and after regarding it in silence for a few minutes he said with impressive force:

"This is the finest work I have ever done in my life, Aura. I am proud of it."

It was the pride of conscious strength, not the vanity of a weak mind, that impelled him to say this, and it awoke a corresponding feeling of [illegible] in my breast [illegible]. I slipped my hand under his arm and pressed it. I was proud, too, not of the work, but of the man whose genius had produced it.

"It should be his finest work," I said to myself as the awful reflection flashed upon me that it was likely to be his last and that it would cost him his life.

We went to Kew on Sunday afternoon and lingered under the beautiful trees in the gardens until the keeper cried, "All out!" We were both more silent than usual, for we were both thinking about the group—he with some anxiety, probably, about the delicate operation of the morrow, I for the result of its [illegible] achievement. But with my anxiety was mingled a supreme happiness, a fitting sense of my privilege in being the friend and companion of such a noble man.

On Monday morning I rose early, and going out to the atelier I saw Taras standing in the doorway, his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed on something within.

At the sound of my step he raised his head and turned, looking down at me with deep dejection in his face and [illegible] vacancy in his regard that I could scarcely believe he saw me.

"Taras!" I exclaimed, halting at the foot of the steps in wonder and fear.

Without a word he beckoned me to come up, and as I reached his side on the landing he raised his hand and pointed within.

With a choking cry of dismay I perceived that his work—the beautiful group on which he had spent months of patient labor and strenuous thought—lay a shapeless wreck upon the floor. The irons that supported the subject stood there, a grotesque skeleton of the living figures, but the modeled clay was heaped upon the floor in a shapeless mass, the original design beaten out of recognition.

For the moment I thought that, finding it fallen and his work spoiled, he himself had trampled upon it in a fit of frenzied exasperation.

"Was it too damp?" I asked, knowing the care he took to wring out the wetted cloths that enveloped the group at nighttime.

He shook his head.

"Then who has done this?" I asked.

"The czar," he replied. "His arm is long."

"But not so long as yours," said I, fired with a spirit of revengeful wrath. "You will not give in because of this. You will fight him to the end. What you have done before you can do again. You can build up the figures once more and make them as beautiful as they were. It is only a matter of time."

"My brave Aura!" said he, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder, "you give me the courage I lack. Yes, that is the way to face a disaster like this. Take up the sword and fight on. That alone makes defeat honorable. What does it matter—the delay of a few months? We shouldn't be content to do nothing. They've left me the bones at any rate," he added, with a laugh and a nod at the rusted irons, "and we shall soon see the flesh grow again on them. Let us go down now. After breakfast we will begin again. It's good to have a brave friend at such a time as this. Come, Aura."

But for all my bravery I could eat no breakfast, and when Taras spoke of our visit to Kew I burst into a flood of uncontrollable tears with a recollection of the confident hope and pride which had filled us with such happiness and content.

When Gordon and the workmen came, I let them go up to the workshop without a word, but I determined to spare Taras the pain of telling the story again, and so when Kavanagh came I stopped him in the passage, and, taking him into the sitting room, myself related what had happened. He listened with astonishment, and seemed greatly shocked.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "what a terrible blow for poor Taras! Gordon told me that they were to begin casting the group today. I came to congratulate my friend on having finished his work. Poor fellow! What is he going to do?"

"Make another group," I answered fiercely, "and if that's destroyed another after that. You don't think he's going to give up, do you?"

He paused in reflective silence for a minute, then went to the door and looked into the passage. He stood there for another minute, closed the door as silently as he had opened it, and returning to my side continued:

"No," he said quietly; "that wasn't, however, exactly what I meant. Can you tell me if he has taken any steps to discover the person who committed the outrage?"

"He hasn't taken any steps. He knows who did it. It was the czar. He says so. There's no getting at him."

"But we ought to get at the men employed by him, for what is to prevent them doing this again when the next model is finished if they are allowed to escape now?"

"Well, how are they to be caught?"

"That is what we who are the friends of Taras ought to try and find out. Taras is too intent on striking at the czar to occupy himself with the agents, but we have not that excuse for indifference, and we might at least attempt to find them. That at any rate is my feeling, and I think it is yours too."

"Of course it is. I can't sleep at night for fearing what they may do."

"Then let us make a practical beginning now. We need not bother Taras about it. Let us try to find the enemy out just as if he were an ordinary thief who had broken into the house. Do you agree to that?"

"Why, certainly."

"Tell me now," said he, drawing his chair a little nearer and lowering his voice, "when did this take place?"

"I don't know. We found it all smashed down when we went up in the workshop before breakfast this morning. It was all right when we were there on Saturday night."

"You did not go in there yesterday?"

"No."

"Then it must have happened between Saturday night and this morning. Now," dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "what time does Mere Lucas go to bed?"

The question startled me, but I affirmed that she was never up later than 9.

"Taras sleeps at the top of the house, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"And Mere Lucas on the same floor as yours—the first floor?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, does she ever go down stairs after you go to your room?"

"Not that I know of."

"Do you ever hear any peculiar noise in the night?"

"No," I replied, with an unaccountable [illegible] of the flesh.

Kavanagh reflected for a minute or two, stroking the short black beard that covered his handsome face, his sleepy eyes so closed that only narrow slits of light were reflected under the long curved lashes, and [illegible]

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

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Smethport, Pa., Oct 27 1893

Republican State Ticket.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.

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FOR STATE TREASURER.

COL. SAMUEL M. JACKSON,
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FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
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FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
FRANK R. FOSTER of Smethport,
SHELDON JEWETT of Custer
FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
R. A. RICE of Eldred,
WILL YOUNG of Keating

IN Philadelphia 10,000 Democrats will have no vote next month on account of failure to pay taxes.

THREE thousand four hundred votes can't vote down four thousand seven hundred unless the four thousand seven hundred don't vote.

THERE is no occasion for this situation except the uncertainty which everywhere prevails. We have the same men, the same money, the same manufactures and the same markets that we had a year ago, but the trouble is that we have another management.
McKinley.

THERE are very few Democratic papers whose editors have the gall to approve the nomination of Isaac H. Maynard, the thief, as Democratic candidate for the Court of Appeals of New York. Our friend [illegible] of the Bradford *Sunday* [illegible], we regret to say, is one of that class.

ANOTHER railroad horror occurred at Battle Creek, Mich., on Thursday of last week, which resulted in the killing of twenty-seven people and seriously injuring as many more. The closing up of the World's Fair will probably result in the stopping of railroad butchering, for which those who have been spared return thanks.

REPUBLICANS from the various townships of the county report, when in town, that the Republican voters are not disposed to play into the hands of their opponents this year. The condition of affairs throughout the country have aroused even the indifferent Republicans to a sense of their duty. These are not the times to be casting complimentary votes. "Vote the straight ticket," as Gov. McKinley says and his advice is safe to follow always.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON, in speaking of the probable repeal of the Federal Elections law by this Congress, said the other day in Chicago, that "we are sowing the seeds of discord in the breaking away from the National Elections law. The people of this country will not submit to the choice of the officials by the dice box or the juggler's hat. Our elections must be above suspicion or taint of fraud. Citizens will not respect officials whose elections are questioned or known to have been secured by palpable and open fraud."

THE County Commissioners have awarded the contract for printing the ballots for the coming election to the Oil City *Derrick* establishment. Their bid was a few dollars less than that of D. W. Lorsh, of Bradford. Mr. Lorsh gives employment to a number of men. He and his men all contribute in the way of taxes to pay the expenses of the county. They help pay for the printing of the tickets while the Oil City establishment does not pay a cent of that expense. We believe in the principle of protection to home industries brought down to county matters, and the guiding spirit of the *Derrick* printing house being a thorough protectionist and a gentleman who practices what he preaches, it is not at all likely he expected the work would be given to him. The Commissioners did not invite bids from outside the county and it is difficult to understand why they should go outside for the work, even if they could procure it at starvation rates.

the MINER the other day, "why don't you let the people of McKean county know who the commissioners were, according to Democratic authority, who have been robbing the county for the past twenty years?" It was a pertinent question and we will answer by giving the names.

In 1873 we find O. D. Coleman, Casper Smith and J. W. Stark, making up the board. Mr. Coleman replaced Reuben Dennis, Casper Smith, Chas. P. Rice, and J. W. Stark, Wm. S. Oviatt. In those days only one commissioner was elected each year. Mr. Coleman has been for many years a prominent citizen and business man of Kane. Mr. Smith was then a resident of Sergeant township and Mr. Stark of Keating. No men stood higher in the sections of the county they came from than these three, and not a word was ever lisped against their integrity.

The men following them were Benjamin Bunker, of Otto township, Orlando Gallup of Norwich, and W. A. Young, of Eldred. Bunker and Gallup are both dead but two more upright men never lived in the county. Mr. Young is to-day an active business man of Eldred borough. Can any one say a word derogatory of him?

The next board consisted of W. I. Colegrove, N. W. Abbey and J. [illegible] Boyer. Mr. Colegrove was elected from Norwich township, Mr. Abbey from Smethport borough and Mr. Boyer from Keating Township. The two former are dead, but was ever their character for integrity questioned by a human being who knew them? Mr. Boyer is still one of the most reputable men of Keating township.

The board following them was made up of F. S. Johnson, of Bradford city, A. T. Palmer, then of Foster township, and Andrew Reilly, then of Keating township. Judge Johnson was afterward elected to the Legislature and is now postmaster of Bradford. A. T. Palmer and Andrew Reilly are both active business men of [illegible]. It was during their term that an indemnifying bond given by [illegible] Walker [illegible] A great [illegible] has been made [illegible] and the [illegible] has been made that the members of this board put it out of existence, or at least were cognizant of its destruction. This whole business was thoroughly ventilated when Judge Johnson ran for the Legislature, and the people of the county gave him a handsome majority, thereby announcing that they did not believe he was guilty of any wrong doing in connection with the loss of that bond. The facts are that a more thorough business board was never elected by the people of the county, and as citizens and business men they are universally esteemed. In connection with this board we might say, that the indemnifying bond referred to was never seen by a member of it, and by those best informed on the subject it is not believed such a document was ever filed in that office.

They were followed by W. D. Gallup of Smethport, R. A. Rice of Eldred township, and Andrew Reilly of Keating township, the latter being re-elected. It isn't necessary to tell the people of McKean county who Messrs. Gallup and Rice are. We venture to say that there are no two men in the county who have the confidence of the entire community in which they have lived through life more thoroughly than these two. Their characters as [illegible] men are above reproach.

The next board consisted of James A. McKean, P. M. Fuller and James Anglin. Mr. McKean was a resident of Keating township when elected and Messrs. Fuller and Anglin of Bradford [illegible]. There was no breath of the [illegible] of this board during its existence as well as the one following it. Can any man say that they did not conscientiously discharge every duty devolving upon them? Mr. McKean was raised and grew to manhood in this vicinity. He is known by every man, woman and child, and did any one ever hear his integrity questioned or his character assailed? Not a bit of it. His word is as good as his bond. Until he was elected commissioner Capt. Fuller had resided in Bradford township a large portion of his life. He enlisted from that township in 1861 and served through the war, in which he acquitted himself with great credit. Later on he was elected as an associate judge from that township. Did the people believe he was a scoundrel when they were conferring these favors upon him? No man ever yet heard his character villified unless through the columns of a scurrilous newspaper.

The board of 1891 and '92 was composed of James Biggins, of Ceres township, F. D. Sumar of Annin township, and J. H. Tate, of Sergeant township. We have said at different times within the past few months that a more conscientious board never had charge of the financial affairs of McKean county, and we firmly believe that to be the fact. Their action has been most unjustifiably assailed which will be shown when the time comes. If they have made mistakes it is because they have followed the precedents established by their predecessors. Our personal experience with them, before any clamor was raised against their official conduct, showed that they endeavored to cut down the expenses of the county, and that they practiced economy in every place possible.

We have given this subject more space than many will think it deserves, but the constant clacking which has been carried on during this campaign, as to the rottenness in the commissioners office, the way the people are being plundered through that office, etc., seemed to call for the names of the men who have composed the board for the past twenty years. We have given these names, and those who are living and their friends as well as the friends of those who are in their graves can reply on election day to this persistent defamation of character. The whole scheme is for the purpose of changing the majority of the board from Republican to Democratic. The bushwhackers who are raising this hue and cry know very well that just so long as the Republicans control the board the patronage will not go to them, consequently they are shrieking themselves hoarse for a change.

New York Republican State Convention at Syracuse recently, as a delegate from New York city. Upon entering the hall he was given an ovation and of course made a speech. Following is a summary of his remarks and they are worth reading.

"I did not come here to make a speech. I came here to help nominate a ticket to carry the state and enliven the country. We are met here after our first defeat in the nation for a generation. The fact that this convention is full of enthusiastic men shows that our party has not lost its courage. We are victims of an accident. The people wanted a change and they got it. It took them twenty years to make up their minds that they wanted a change, and it will take them about a year to decide to change back. In thirty years a new generation of voters has come upon the stage. They know nothing of the struggles of Republicanism with secession and its triumphs. There is always an element fond of experiment. There is always the theorist and the crank and a practical party will not have them. We had the young men who wanted a change, the theorist, the cranks and the [illegible] against us and they are a majority.

"Now they have the change and the Democracy has the offices. The Chairman of the Democratic State Committee [illegible] the party [illegible] the overturning of the policy of protection and the laws that were placed in the statute books to protect the industry of the land. That party is said to be for the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law, but what is it doing? [illegible] of America it has turned [illegible] half of the United States Senate into caves of wind.

"It has been demonstrated that this is indeed a sentimental panic. When the Republicans are in power the people have confidence in the [illegible]. When the Democrats are in power the people are filled with distrust. Twenty years of prosperity have been dissipated in a year. But the prodigals are returning to their father's house and will continue to flock back in such numbers that the whole world [illegible] to supply [illegible]. The Democrats are divided on almost every question but when it comes to attacking the purity of the ballot they are a unit. [illegible] progress of the world.

"We are here to perform our duty in the nomination of our ticket and the declaration of our principles. We appeal with confidence to the wisdom and patriotism of the people of the Empire state to restore to power the party which alone is fit to govern."

"Put one X on your ticket." This was the significant inscription on a banner at a great McKinley mass meeting at Cambridge, Ohio, on Friday of last week. They have the Australian ballot system out there as we do in Pennsylvania, and it simply meant "vote the straight ticket." Gov. McKinley evidently had his attention called to that banner for before he closed his speech he had this to say: "I appeal to you not for a mere partisan victory, not for myself alone, but for the whole Republican ticket, State and county from top to bottom. I bid you vote it for what it represents and this year it represents a policy that protects American labor, encourages our industries and develops our resources and a patriotism that loves its country and will protect its defenders." Why should not the Republicans of McKean county vote the straight ticket? Those men who are thinking of voting for a candidate on the Democratic ticket, may some day want the same [illegible] for themselves. [illegible] this year [illegible] the straight ticket.

"I NEVER have known a time when there were so many factories to rent as there are just now," said Dudley W. Haynes, a New York real estate man whose specialty for the last twelve years or more has been factory property. "I have on my hands now at least one third more factories and sections of buildings to let for manufacturing purposes than I ever had at any one time before. I attribute this to the uncertainty arising from the hesitating policy of the present Congress. If the party in power at Washington would but announce its intentions as to the tariff I think manufacturers would then go ahead and shape their course for the future accordingly."

THERE should be no stay-at-homes this fall when an opportunity is given to let the Democratic Congress know what we think of their dilly dallying, their subservience to bourbon methods including the revival of the [illegible] policy. The financial depression, the attitude of the Interior Department toward the soldiers throughout the Union, the State bank heresy, the reckless assault upon the American industries and American labor should meet with the condemnation in the State of Pennsylvania which they deserve. The opportunity to make the first forcible condemnation comes on election day, the 7th of November.

THERE is one way to insure a Republican victory in this county at the coming election, and that way we will quietly disclose to our Republican readers. It is to vote yourself and see that your Republican neighbors vote. At the same time don't urge your Democratic neighbor to turn out. You will find that a good many of them are heart sick over the situation of affairs and just about as soon remain at home as to go to election. Let them remain.

IF the Republicans of McKean county get their vote out there is no question of a sweeping victory for the whole ticket one week from next Tuesday. A thorough canvass shows that there are upwards of one thousand plurality in favor of the Republicans in this county. But even with that advantage their ticket will not win if they remain at home and the Democratic vote is out. Get the vote out.

IT may happen, of course, that the outline of the proposed compromise is mere rumor, but Mr. Cleveland's letter to Gov. Northen has made a compromise of some sort necessary to the health and prosperity of the Democratic party.—*Atlanta Constitution.* [Dem.]

interesting letter, received a few days ago from one of their Montana correspondents, to The Press:

"Your announcement of arrival of wool is at hand. Prices fixed to different grades are terribly ruinous to a Montana sheep man. A great change has come over the spirit of our dreams. Our check book, once so sought after and held in high respect by everybody and in such abundant need, is now a thing of the past. Bankers and merchants do not see you before you get out of your wagon when you come to town. There is no strife to sell your goods and to overdo your orders. A half breed Indian may get a sack of flour on the promise of a load of wood, but credit to me is flatly refused. The other day I took account of my grub pile, and found in stock fifty pounds of flour, five pounds of bacon, two pounds of tea, fifteen pounds of sugar, and fifteen men [illegible] depending upon it. It costs me about $300 per month to run my business. I have about 5,000 stock sheep now without a price. Mutton sheep will bring $2. One year ago stock sheep were worth $3; to-day they will bring nothing. I have known good bands offered for $1 per head and no buyer, and yet we can't afford to turn them loose, and so must continue the expense of keeping them.

"I can't borrow a dollar from a bank to get a pound of grub on credit, nor have I a dollar to my name. All sheep men are in debt more or less at the end of the year. Their mutton and wool brings them out. This year we are under water out of sight. What to do we do not know. Most sheep men have decided not to be under the heavy expense of breeding any more, but raise what we have got as cheaply as possible and turn them off for mutton. Our ranch improvements are all for the accommodation of sheep, and are worth nothing for any other use. A sheep man does not farm at all but buys all his grain from the farmer. I pay out on an average about $4,000 a year and nearly every dollar of it is paid out in the neighborhood to laboring men, merchants and bankers, and now we probably will be robbed of our several years hard toil within the short space of a year or so. Let me assure you that sheep raising cannot be run in Montana with free wool, and all this to gratify or to prove the falsity of a misguided political faction.

"The slaughter must fall, and no argument will avail. I hope, if possible, that a few Democrats, at least, in the Senate may have brains enough and humanity enough to stay the terrible ruin."

It is a plain truthful story of the effect of threatened free trade. It would be difficult for an editor, however skilled in the use of words, to write in the same space a more vivid picture of the results of Democratic ascendency in the great mining or sheep raising States of the far west. But will argument avail? The Press fears not. Nothing short of a practical demonstration will satisfy the average free trader. It comes high, and if it can be gauged by its cost, should ultimately be of great value to the country.—New York Press.

Writ of Partition.

[illegible]

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County. [illegible] February Term, 1893.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of McKean County, Greeting: [illegible]

Witness the Honorable [illegible] Olmsted, President Judge of our said Court at Smethport, this [illegible] day of October, A. D. 1893.
J. H. McELROY, Prothonotary.

W. W. Brown, Attorney.

NOTICE.

To A. Healey, A. A. Healey and Frank Healey, doing business as A. Healey & Sons, above named defendants:

Take notice, that by virtue of the above Writ of Partition, to me directed, an inquisition will be held upon the premises therein described on Tuesday, the [illegible] day of December, A. D. 1893, at [illegible] o'clock a. m., to ascertain and inquire, among other things, whether the said premises can be parted and divided without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof, and to value and appraise the same, when and where you may attend if you see proper.

WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.

N. B. The jury will meet at Kane before proceeding to view the premises.
Smethport, Pa., Oct. 24, 1893. 4t.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. H. [illegible], late of Cyclone, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to D. F. Thompson, of Cyclone, McKean county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment and all persons having claims against said estate will present the same.

D. F. THOMPSON, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pa., Oct. 5, 1893.-6t

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, ENTITLED "AN ACT TO REGULATE THE NOMINATION AND ELECTION OF PUBLIC OFFICERS, REQUIRING CERTAIN expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such election," approved the 19th day of June, A. D. 1891, I, Walter Grubb, High Sheriff of the County of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean County, that a General Election will be held in the said county of McKean on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1893, (being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers hereinafter named, viz:

One person for Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for Sheriff of the County of McKean.
One person for Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of the Courts of the County of McKean.
One person for District Attorney of the County of McKean.
Three persons for County Commissioners of the County of McKean, but each elector will vote for but two of such persons.
Three persons for Auditors of the County of McKean, but each elector will vote for but two of such persons.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, as far as may be in the form in which they appear upon the ballots, namely:

A cross (X) marked in the square at the right of the name of each candidate, inside the line enclosing the column, indicates a vote for each candidate thus marked.

If a cross (X) be marked within the circle it will be equivalent to a mark opposite every name in the column. Those who do not desire to vote a straight ticket must not mark a cross within the circle at the head of the column.

FOR A STRAIGHT TICKET ○ MARK WITHIN THE CIRCLE.	FOR A STRAIGHT TICKET ○ MARK WITHIN THE CIRCLE.	FOR A STRAIGHT TICKET ○ MARK WITHIN THE CIRCLE.	FOR A STRAIGHT TICKET ○ MARK WITHIN THE CIRCLE.	The voter may insert, in column below, the name of any person whose name is not printed on the ballot for whom he desires to vote.
REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.	PROHIBITION.	PEOPLE'S.	This column is for the use of voters desiring to vote for candidates other than those whose names appear printed on this ballot.
State Treasurer. [Mark one.] Samuel M. Jackson ☐	State Treasurer. [Mark one.] Frank Chew Osborn ☐	State Treasurer. [Mark one.] John S. Kent ☐	State Treasurer. [Mark one.] F. M. Windsor ☐	State Treasurer. [Insert one.]
Judge of the Supreme Court. [Mark one.] D. Newlin Fell ☐	Judge of the Supreme Court. [Mark one.] Samuel Gustine Thompson ☐	Judge of the Supreme Court. [Mark one.] [illegible] L. Ames ☐	Judge of the Supreme Court. [Mark one.] John H. Stevenson ☐	Judge of the Supreme Court. [Insert one.]
Sheriff. [Mark one.] Ash R. Walker ☐	Sheriff. [Mark one.] Michael J. Fitzgerald ☐	Sheriff. [Mark one.] [illegible] Greenman ☐	Sheriff. [Mark one.] B. F. Greenman ☐	Sheriff. [Insert one.]
Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of Courts. [Mark one.] Geo. W. Mitchell ☐	Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of Courts. [Mark one.] Hugh P. Brawley ☐	Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of Courts. [Mark one.] Frans G. Lindblom ☐	Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of Courts. [Mark one.] [illegible] Rhodes ☐	Prothonotary, Register, Recorder of Deeds and Clerk of Courts. [Insert one.]
District Attorney. [Mark one.] Sheridan Gorton ☐	District Attorney. [Mark one.] Joseph W. Bouton ☐			District Attorney. [Insert one.]
County Commissioners. [Mark two.] Frank R. Foster ☐ Sheldon Jewett ☐	County Commissioners. [Mark two.] Thomas F. Hungiville ☐ Silas H. Elder ☐	County Commissioners. [Mark two.] Gilbert Moody ☐ Jonathan Colegrove ☐	County Commissioners. [Mark two.] P. C. Connelly ☐ [illegible] Hart ☐	County Commissioners. [Insert two.]
County Auditors. [Mark two.] Richard A. Rice ☐ William A. Young ☐	County Auditors. [Mark two.] Wilbur F. Oviatt ☐ Fred F. Brown ☐	County Auditors. [Mark two.] Frank W. Perkins ☐ Harry L. Holloway ☐	County Auditors. [Mark two.] [illegible] Field ☐ A. P. White ☐	County Auditors. [Insert two.]

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin at the building known as Simpson's store at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—At the Council room, City Hall.

Second ward, First district—At the Universalist church, Corydon street.

Second ward, Second district—At W. H. Chapman's barn, Congress street.

Third ward—At Frank Etheridge's store room, Washington street.

Fourth ward—At Stephens Hall, Boylston street.

Fifth ward—Roberts' [illegible] shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At the building known as the "Farmer's Hotel," on Main street in said ward.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP

First district—At Jewett's Hall, Custer City.

Second district—At the Clark school house, in said district.

The township of Ceres at the Ceres Village school house.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP

First district. At the house of B. D. Tome on Willow creek.

Second district—At a building near the school house known as the Thomas Conover school house, in warrant No. 67[illegible], on road leading up Sugar creek to Marshburg near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at hose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred, at a place to be prepared by the County Commissioners about one mile South of Eldred Borough near the residence of 'Esq. Moses, on the public highway.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—At the Corwin store, Corwin Centre.

The township of Hamlin in "Rand's Hall" in the village of Hazelhurst in said township.

The borough of Mt. Jewett at the "Hall of A. G. Phillips," in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—At the Maccabees Hall at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP

First district—On first floor of a building owned by Miller & Stickney, [illegible] by J. H. [illegible] as a boarding house, nearly opposite and Northeast of the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad Company's station at East Smethport, Pa.

Second district—At the Knights of Labor hall, Coryville.

Third district—At A. Barnhart's building, Davis.

KANE BOROUGH

First ward—At hotel LaMont, West side of Fraley street.

Second ward—At City Hall, corner of Chase and [illegible] streets.

Third ward—At the sample room, Thompson House.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the South room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows' Building, at Mt. Alton in said district.

Second district—At the village of Big Shanty in the basement of the building known as the Maccabees Hall in this district.

Third district—At the town hall at Lafayette Corners.

The township of Liberty in a building to be prepared near the [illegible] Northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany at [illegible]'s hall, North end.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—At O. D. [illegible]'s old store.

Second district—At a building to be erected by the Commissioners at [illegible].

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—[illegible]

Second district—At A. O. U. W. Hall, Rixford.

[illegible]

[illegible] court house.

The township of Wetmore at the cheese factory, East Kane.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m., and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting Justices of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporated district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 23d day of October, A. D. 1893.

WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.

INSURANCE!

Place your insurance with C. A. Burdick, who represents reliable companies of all kinds.

Fire, Life and Accidental

Also, sells the best and most durable Sewing Machines in the world.

The Domestic and
The Wheeler & Wilson

Sold for cash or on installments. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere, at the

REILLY BLOCK,
v30 n20-1y Smethport, Pa.

GO TO
ROONEY'S MARKET
Wholesale and Retail
—FOR A—
Nice Piece of Meat
Fresh, Salt or Smoked.
—FOR—
FRESH & SALT FISH
—AND FOR ALL—
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
I will also pay the highest price for
STOCK AND HIDES
CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF
Nearly opposite Catholic church Main st
J. F. ROONEY.

EMIL THAMM,
Manufacturer of
CIGARS
And Dealer in
CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPES, ETC.
49 MAIN STREET,
SMETHPORT, PA.

D. C. YOUNG

Invites your attention to his complete stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

Now on exhibition at his store on Main Street.
An elegant line of ladies' fashionable

SPRING WRAPS

in all the leading shades, just received from New York. The low prices will astonish you.

In our dress goods department can be found a finer selection than any previous season. The wash goods are beautiful this spring, and the

DOTTED SWISS MULL

takes the lead here as well as in the cities.

From continued increase in our shoe trade we take it for granted everybody knows where to get the best foot wear at the most reasonable figures. At this season we feel proud to show a finer and much larger assortment of

Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes

than was ever brought into this market. Our $1.80 ladies fine shoes are unequalled, so our customers say.

OUR PRICES

on Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Wall Paper and Shades will interest you.

Don't forget that we always carry a fresh line of Groceries. Try our California fruits.

D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport, Pa., April 11, 1893.

SPONGES

Do you know how convenient it is to have a sponge to use in the toilet and bath. A coarse, rough sponge is an abomination but a nice, soft, velvety, white one is a "joy forever." The use of it each day on the face and hands with hot, soft water in which there is a sprinkle of ammonia water will keep the parts soft and white.

Come in and look over our line of fine toilet and bath sponges. They are not very cheap but you will find them durable and just what you want for quality.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE,
ODD FELLOW'S BUILDING,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

New Goods Coming.

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 23rd,

We will have on our Shelves and Counters a complete line of

NEW MILLINERY and DRESS GOODS.

Also new Fall and Winter Cloaks and Capes, Ladies' and Children's Winter Underwear, Hosiery and everything necessary for a complete outfit.

Mrs. T. D. Nash.
Smethport, Pa

The McKean County Miner

...red at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 27, 1893.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

Now is the time to secure your reading matter for the coming year. The subscriptions of a number of our subscribers expire this week. We have arranged [illegible] through which we can [illegible] the best of reading [illegible] the coming year at the very [illegible] rates. They are as follows:

The Miner and the N. Y. Tribune one year for $1 75

The Miner and Philadelphia Weekly Press one year [illegible]

The Miner and N. Y. World one year for $1 [illegible]

The Miner, Tribune and [illegible] one year for $1 75

The Miner, Tribune [illegible] World one year for $ 4

Our arrangements with the World are to accommodate our Democratic subscribers who do not want the Tribune. [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

[illegible]

Beautiful fall weather. [illegible]

[illegible] in to-day's paper. [illegible]

Election one week from next Tuesday. Will you vote? [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Holland of New York [illegible] concert [illegible] Opera House on Tuesday [illegible]

[illegible] Wednesday [illegible]

Ralph Crossmire [illegible] board refused to pardon or commute the sentence [illegible] session this week. The [illegible] will fix the date of execution which will probably be [illegible] Sheriff will have a job which he dislikes very much to perform.

Hon John Brown, of [illegible] Cameron County's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, died very suddenly at his home in Driftwood on Friday of last week, of heart disease. He had recently been appointed Associate Judge by Governor Pattison to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. F. W. Whiting, and was the Democratic candidate for that office this fall.

—The man who fears that he will not know his way around in the crowded [illegible] without chafing the nap of his [illegible] may gather some [illegible] facts from the statement that the entire population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be settled in Texas, each family on a half acre, and there would still remain [illegible] million vacant lots.

This week a check for $2,000 was received by J. O. Campbell, Record Keeper of Tent No. 1[illegible] K. O. T. M. of this place, in favor of Mrs. Anna Krohn, wife of the late Harris Krohn, and shows the promptness with which the organization pays its claims. The K. O. T. M. has a large membership in this vicinity and is constantly growing, and such actions as the above are just what stimulate the growth.

Comrade Wm. Brookham met with a serious accident one day last week, by falling from the top of a fence and pulling the upper rail on to him, thereby sustaining a severe fracture of the shoulder. The report was current around on the latter part of the week, that the injury had proven fatal. We are gratified to state, however, that such was not the case, but on the contrary that he is rapidly recovering.

—The lady cyclists are enjoying many delightful rides this fine weather. One day last week Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Pierce rode over the hill to Port Allegany, where they were royally entertained. They returned via Larrabee, being accompanied by Mrs. Darlee and Miss Rowley as far as Larrabee. The lady cyclists of Smethport will be pleased to see their friends from Port wheel into our city some fine day.

—Mr. David Bradley was married to Miss Blanch Lockwood at the residence of F. E. Hamilton in Bradford on Thursday evening of last week by Rev. [illegible]

[illegible]

A well-known Bradford man had a startling experience at Riverside park a few nights ago, says the Bradford Era. He was awakened by a number of shots fired in rapid succession in front of the building. He leaped out of bed [illegible] of the shots. [illegible] Sutherland was standing [illegible] in the garments of the night. The startled lodger looked at him for a moment and then through a stillness he heard resounding a "human [illegible] of intense pain.

"Why, Ed, what does it all mean? Have you shot somebody?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Sutherland. "It sounds as if somebody was hurt over there in the jungle. I've been waiting for a long time to get a shot at them chicken thieves and it now looks as if I'd touched up some of them. They come here some nights even with wagons to take away my poultry and hereafter I expect to be on hand to stop them." With this explanation the Bradford man was satisfied and returned to bed. It is unknown whether the chicken thief was badly hurt or not. He succeeded in getting away before daylight came. Ed says the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," does not include chicken thieves. There ought to be some shooting done in this borough, and the prospects are flattering that there will be soon, and it will be to kill not to wound.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Jack Keefe, of Ridgway, was visiting friends in town this week.

L. W. Crawford, Esq., of Roulette, was in town on Thursday.

F. O. Richmond, returned Saturday from his visit to the big fair.

W. E. Rice, Esq., of Warren had business in Smethport on Monday.

Miss Anna Tracy of East Smethport, is suffering with typhoid fever.

Miss Lou Barte of Port Allegany visited Smethport friends Saturday last.

[illegible] has returned from [illegible] at the World's Fair.

[illegible] College [illegible] day and Sunday last.

[illegible] is visiting her [illegible]

Dr. Henry Eastman of Jamestown was visiting [illegible] Friday last.

[illegible] Monday last.

[illegible] Bradford, visited [illegible] the larger part of last week.

[illegible]

The Peace Law.

[illegible]

Good Advice.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States." Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d street, New York.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Frank R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong's Drug store.

All that honesty, skill and experience can do to produce a perfect pill, has been employed in making DeWitt's Little Early Risers. The result is a specific for sick headache, biliousness and constipation. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Attempted Suicide.

Mrs. Michael Boyle attempted to kill herself and her four year old child at her home in Mt. Jewett early Monday morning last. She was temporarily insane. Her husband who is section foreman on the Erie road at that point, was sleeping with one of the children in a room near the one occupied by Mrs. Boyle and her little daughter. At 5:30 o'clock in the morning Boyle was awakened by startling sounds from his wife's room. He rushed in there and found Mrs. Boyle standing near her bed with the razor in her hand. She was covered with blood and the life current was flowing from wounds inflicted on the side of her neck. Her husband saw at once that the woman was insane and by a quick movement seized her by the wrists. In her frenzy she struggled fiercely to retain possession of the razor and to renew the bloody work [illegible]. He finally succeeded [illegible] taking away the razor. When she was quieted Boyle discovered that the child's throat had been cut and the little thing was lying in bed bathed in blood but was still alive. He immediately aroused others and a physician was sent for. Dr. Van Sickle was soon at the bedside of the victims and found that although they were weak from loss of blood the wounds were not necessarily fatal. He sewed up the cuts and now both are fair way to recovery. Since her reason has been fully restored the mother is heart broken over her attempt to kill her little one.

Artistic Concert.

The concert which will be given in [illegible] Opera House on Tuesday evening next is one that should be liberally patronized by every lover of music. It will be of that superior class that seldom [illegible] and those who fail to attend will regret it after the event has passed. Prof. McIntyre's [illegible] have had a class [illegible] and music for some time past. As a pianist he has few superiors. Miss Wilson of Olean, late of Pittsburg is said to possess one of the rare sweet voices. She has a fine reputation as a soprano singer and delighted [illegible] will have the fortune to [illegible] Mr. Holland of New York is one of the most accomplished violinists [illegible] should strain a point to attend this concert. Following is the program:

[illegible]

[illegible] They are [illegible] and at the same time [illegible] comprehend [illegible]

Died.

At Annin Creek [illegible] on Friday Oct. 1[illegible], Mrs. [illegible] Winship, aged 70 years.

[illegible] Nasnah Kinney [illegible] moved to Jasper [illegible] In Oct. [illegible] She leaves her [illegible] Capt. L. H. Kinney of [illegible] was a brother and Mrs. C. K. Simpson was a sister of the deceased. Miss Kinney and Mrs. Hannah Simpson both of [illegible] highly respected citizens of Annin township were a [illegible] They both died years ago.

Keep Potatoes Separate.

[illegible] where several sorts are grown in adjoining rows in the same field. No matter how distinct the variety may be [illegible] to sort [illegible] a few hills just to see if they are different.

Sometimes out of [illegible] these hills will [illegible] the [illegible] previously [illegible] In this way after two or three years potatoes become hopelessly mixed. [illegible] Early Rose [illegible] will be wholly true to name. The [illegible] Late Rose looks so much like the other that it escapes unless the hills are marked before the tops die. The Late Rose has green tops long after the [illegible] Where potatoes are cut and two pieces [illegible] in a hill the mixing is all [illegible]

We think at least enough varieties, pure and true to name, should be saved each fall from seed. An even lot, all of one variety looks much better and will bring several cents more per bushel in our markets than sorts that include several kinds. Even for cooking they are worth more while of course for seed no one would willingly purchase a mixed lot if he could get any other.—Farm Journal.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in his house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's and A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

I have had catarrh for twenty years and used all kinds of medicines without relief. Mr. Smith, druggist at Little Falls, recommended Ely's Cream Balm. The effect of the first application was magical. It allayed the inflammation, and the next morning my head was as clear as a bell. I am convinced its use will effect a permanent cure. It is soothing and pleasant, and I strongly urge its use by all sufferers.—Geo. Terry, Little Falls, N. Y.

Little vegetable health producers: DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure malarious disorders and regulate the stomach and bowels, which prevent headache and dizziness. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Dr. P. A. Skinner, of Texarkana, Arkansas, is an enthusiast in the praise of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He used it for rheumatism, and says: "I found it to be a most excellent local remedy." For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

J. G. Williams receives weekly a fresh line of Wagener's Straw-Berry brand of Hams. Try them.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

Rev. H. G. Hall left Monday for a short visit to his home in Jefferson county.

Supt. Balcom, of the Lay & Spetty factory, started Saturday for the World's Fair.

Politics here, Republican animation, Democratic despondency and vexation.

Jas. Campbell and wife, Chas. H. Kemp and family, have returned from the World's Fair.

The brush handle works shut down Wednesday until Tuesday of this week for want of orders.

Peterson Bros. are getting a large stock of lumber for their planing mill. This indicates some building here.

The glass works started Monday at 8 o'clock a. m. with a full force. Our merchants are pleased with this.

Jas. McDade, J. G. King, Dr. McCleery, Rick Donovan and wife, and Mrs. J. Ma[illegible] wan left this week for Chicago and the Fair.

The Lay & Sperry bottle box factory which has been idle for several months will start the first of November. They employ 50 hands, mostly girls.

Large flocks of wild geese were seen in [illegible] Saturday. The flight was southward, a sure harbinger of colder weather or Democratic defeat, the latter sure.

J. H. Markham raised several pumpkins one of which [illegible] that measured eight feet around the waist and Peter Jarvis says his was at least five feet [illegible] Oh dear what pies, and how many would the two pumpkins make.

At the request of a large number Rev. R. [illegible] preached his sermon "The Condition of the Country and its Causes," in the Presbyterian church, again on Sunday evening. The discourse will be published in full in [illegible] Kane Republican this week. [illegible] should be read by every one who did not hear it.

[illegible] and Miss Mede Davis, daughter of [illegible] and Mrs. [illegible] were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents, Wednesday morning, Rev. Chas. A. Jones officiating. [illegible] and [illegible] were married [illegible] N. World's Fair [illegible] Rev. Chas. A. Jones and wife left on the 12:15 [illegible] train same day for the World's Fair and other points [illegible] will take up their residence in Kane after their return.

Chas. Keener was fatally stabbed at [illegible] Sunday evening, 15th inst., by Joe [illegible] Mr. Keener was a guest with Mike Struk and wife at the home of the murderer. The party had drank several glasses of beer which was furnished by the murderer [illegible] The victim [illegible] making [illegible] A few words were [illegible] Mr. Keener was a very [illegible] the wrestling [illegible] he could bend [illegible] the money was [illegible] Keener by the arm and [illegible] he tried to throw [illegible] Mike Struk, when he heard the men swearing, and [illegible] tried to get into the [illegible] but was prevented [illegible] Keener [illegible] and Kramer [illegible] went out and found Keener sitting on a board pile near [illegible] with closed eyes. Struk spoke to him but received no reply. He asked him [illegible] to his house, [illegible] half mile away but no reply or [illegible] Struk then went home with his wife and little girl. Two men going to work in the tannery at midnight saw Keener lying on the ground. They took him into the boiler house and seeing blood on his vest and pants asked him what was the matter. Keener said "[illegible] hurt my [illegible]" They left him in the boiler house until [illegible] he then got up and took [illegible] and ran [illegible] himself [illegible] He went to his [illegible] house at 7 o'clock [illegible] would not go in [illegible] he was stabbed at Joe [illegible]'s house. He was found [illegible] A post mortem [illegible] Sheffield [illegible] the knife had severed [illegible] and pierced the heart. [illegible] Forest county [illegible] Elk county [illegible] the prosecution [illegible] Mrs. Mary Struk and little daughter [illegible] This was after the [illegible]

ELDRED.

J. E. Washburn was visiting his many friends in Olean last week.

The unemployed [illegible] their decision.

Mr. E. H. [illegible] has been confined to [illegible] the last few days with sickness.

H. W. Martin has moved to the house formerly occupied by Mr. Weidle on North Main street.

[illegible] was [illegible] at this place Tuesday.

Rev. Fathers [illegible] and Mel[illegible] were visitors at the residence of Father Flood this week.

[illegible] spent [illegible] a few days in this borough [illegible] about one hundred shares of stock for [illegible] organizing a [illegible] board.

Fred McF[illegible] came [illegible] from Smethport Thursday where he has been running the [illegible] during the pro[illegible] Chicago.

[illegible] Farmer is clerking in the bakery. E. H. Brooks the proprietor has most of his time occupied in delivering. His newly painted wagon shows that the hard times doesn't trouble him to a great extent.

The Catholics have decided to hold their fair [illegible] Tuesday, Nov. 7, in the Wolcott opera house. Bills are out and everybody is invited. These enterprises are nearly all successful and if the weather permits, this will be no exception. They will serve supper in the Denning building.

W. F. Langdon has adopted a new plan of gathering in the pennies. It is in the shape of a large music box made in Switzerland, and will play one tune by dropping a penny in the slot. It is a pretty machine and undoubtedly this enterprising news agent will make a good thing of this enterprise.

N. J. Marsh has been carrying his arm around in a sling for the past week. Wednesday while he was working around his cider press he saw a straw go through the press, and he reached in among the wheels to get it. [illegible] his coat sleeve caught between two cog wheels and his arm was drawn to them. Unable to withdraw his arm, the wheels ground the flesh on his right arm, but did not reach the bone, as his son who was working with him, stopped the machine before it was reached.

The E. F. C. since the fishing season is over sit around soaking up heat and telling of fish that have been caught. Fres King rolls home from the big show and tells the boys about the fish (?) he saw after the first night in town. While whiskem comes in like the necessary backwoods precinct telling about the bull heads he saw gathering chestnuts, down by Butts Mills and storing them in a shanty made of Chrisman's brick, swiped from the brick yard at this place. The members are requested to be on hand Saturday night, to hear the story of Doc Cox' bull head. T. L. Sartwell and Patty Pete have applied for admission on the strength of the big fish they caught.

PORT ALLEGANY.

E. B. Dolley had business in Olean last Friday.

J. S. Rowley and wife spent Sunday in Buffalo.

Chet Dolley started for the World's Fair last week.

M. J. Colcord, of Williamsport, spent Sunday in this place.

[illegible] on business last Saturday.

M. C. Fields and wife returned from the World's Fair last Saturday.

A. N. Lillibridge was in Buffalo on a business mission last Tuesday.

Dick Camp, of Buffalo, is spending the week with his parents in this place.

Two gentlemen from Elmira, representing the Mutual Building Loan Association, have [illegible]

I. C. Goding is having his residence on Arnold avenue, treated to a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Helmer are happy over a bright girl baby that came to them last Saturday morning.

Sheridan Gorton, the Republican candidate for District Attorney, was in town last Saturday calling on his Republican friends.

Mrs. Cora Wallace, of Rixford, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Garthwaite, in this place, this week. She has just returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Will Keeney, who has been sick some time, was taken to Smethport last Sunday where she will be treated by Dr. Freeman. Mrs. Ed Thomas accompanied her.

New boilers are being placed in the boiler house at the tannery in this place, this week, and other repairs and improvements are being made throughout the tannery, preparatory to starting up with full force in a short time.

A. Friedman, of Austin, has rented the rooms of Mat Snyder on Main street, recently occupied by C. A. Larrabee & Co., and he will bring a large stock of clothing from one of his stores in Potter county here this week.

Fred Larrabee of the firm of C. A. Larrabee & Co., agrees with the writer of the scripture, and will not live alone. Cards are out announcing his marriage to a very fine young lady in Roulette, to take place Nov. 1st.

Four cars were derailed at the depot last Saturday evening and ran within a few inches of the telegraph office, which was occupied by John Morris, operator. Those present said John got a move on him at the time of the accident.

For Sale.

I have some fine St. Bernard, Newfoundland and hound pups for sale. For particulars, call on or address

F. W. Jones,
Williams Meat Market,
Smethport, Pa.

Do Your Corns Hurt?

If so call on Alfred Sturdveint, Surgeon Chiropodist, Main street, nearly opposite the postoffice, and have them removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness.

Shropshire Sheep.

Two registered yearling Shropshire rams for sale, also a few half bloods. Write M. L. Armstrong,
n40tf Smethport, Pa.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know in what respect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better than any other. We will tell you. When this Remedy is taken as soon as a cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it will counteract the effect of the cold and greatly lessen its severity, if not effectually cure the cold in two days' time, and it is the only remedy that will do this. It acts in perfect harmony with nature and aids nature in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions, liquifying the mucus and causing its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs and restoring the system to a strong and healthy condition. No other remedy in the market possesses these remarkable properties. No other will cure a cold so quickly or leave the system in so sound a condition. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a specific for croup. It is very pleasant to take, which is one of the most important requisites where a cough remedy is intended for use among children. I have known of cases of croup where I know the life of a little one was saved by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." J. J. LaGrange, druggist, Avoca, Neb. 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong.

For three weeks I was suffering from a severe cold in my head, accompanied by a pain in the temples. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me. After only six applications of the Balm every trace of my cold was removed.—Henry C. Clark, New York Appraiser's Office.

I suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—for a week at a time I could not see. I used Ely's Cream Balm and in a few days I was cured. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—Mrs. George S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

Something new in the line of collars. Gleason & Lemmler have just received what is termed a cork collar. Call in and examine it before purchasing elsewhere.

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. DeWitt's witch hazel Salve is the best salve that experience can produce or money can buy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Agents (male or female) make $10 a day. New invention. Every household must have it. Small outlay, big profits. Perfection Mfg. Co., 155 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O. 42t3

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use DeWitt's Little Early Risers for these little pills will cure them. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Doctor to patient,—"Why are you using the wrong medicine?" No sir, the right medicine, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills".

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Subscribe for the Miner.

B.H.&Co.

Buffalo, October 21.

NOVELTY DRESS GOODS.

Small dry goods store cannot afford to handle fine novelties in Dress Goods, and ladies who want something exclusive should know of our leadership in this line. We meet the demand for extra fine qualities and handsome effects with a complete STOCK, not with a skimpish line of samples. This Dress Goods store is the largest between New York and Chicago, and you can get anything you want here whether in plain or fancy novelties.

These items will give you an idea of values:

All-Wool Henrietta
46 inch—75c and $1 00
All-Wool French Whip Cords 46 inch—95c.
All Wool French Diagonals, 46-inch—75c and $1.25.
All-Wool French Poplins, 45-inch—$1.00 and $1 25.
All-Wool Iridescent Granite Cloths, 50 inch—$1 50.
All Wool Iridescent Diagonals, 50 inch—$1.50
All Wool Two-toned Diagonals, 50 inch—$1.25.
All-Wool Granite Cloths (plain colors)—
42 inch—$1.00
44-inch—$1.25
50 inch—$1.50.

Very fine imported French and German Broadcloths, 52 inch—$1.50, $2 00, $2 50.

English Suitings in neat stripes and checks, 50 inch—$1 and $1 25.

Imported Novelties in exclusive effects—in all wool and silk and wool, at $1 25, $1 50, $2 00, $2.70, $3.00 and $3.50.

FANCY PLAIDS—
All-Wool Tartan Plaids, 37½c.
Imported Serge Plaids, 40 inch—75c.
Illuminated Plaids, 50 inch—$1 00.
Novelty Silk and Wool Plaids, $1.00, $1 25 and $1 50.

The accuracy of our mail order organization during recent years is well known. A blunder occasionally—the means are human—but so seldom that the department is known as having a model system. Success proves it. We shall lift it this year above its own level, so that what has been good service will be excellent now.

As we serve you in person we help those who shop by mail. The best wit the store affords is placed at the prompt disposal of out-of-town customers—the many who've faith in our ability to understand their wants and fill them right.

Send for samples of Dress Goods and give the mail order system a trial.

BARNES, HENGERER & CO.

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale at public auction, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st, 1893 all of my Jersey milch cows, heifer calves and bull, at my barn in Eldred, at 1 o'clock p. m. This will be your opportunity to buy a fine family cow. Well endorsed paper will be accepted in part payment.

W. L. Chrisman.

Eldred, October 18th, 1893.

Wanted.

Everybody to know Orphene, is wonderful for painless extraction of teeth, try it.

Dr. F. C. Pierce, Dentist.
Smethport, Pa.

Legal Notice.

Ednah W. Tietsworth vs. Harvey L. Tietsworth	In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean Co., Pennsylvania. No.314, June Term, 1893.

To Harvey L. Tietsworth, the respondent above named.

You are hereby notified that, having been appointed Commissioner by the Court above named to take the testimony in the above case on behalf of the libellant, I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at the office of John N. Apple, in the borough of Smethport, in said county, on Monday, October 30, A. D. 1893, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at which time and place you may attend, if you see fit.

E. R. Mayo,
Commissioner.

John N. Apple,
Libellant's Attorney
Smethport, Pa., Oct. 16, 1893.-2t

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on November 8th, A. D. 1893, an application will be made by A. W. Peterson, Fred Kagstrom, Carl Victor Lofgren, Gust Leaf and John Arndt Swanson and their associates, to the Governor of Pennsylvania, under the act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations" approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called the Ludlow Furniture Company, the character and object whereof are the purchase of the materials for and the manufacture and sale of furniture and fixtures such as mantles, center tables and office furnishings, etc., and for these purposes to have and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

Dinsmoor & Peterson,
Solicitors.

41-3t

PATENTS.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

TRADE-MARKS,
COPY RIGHTS,
LABELS AND DESIGNS,
INFRINGEMENT SUITS AND INTERFERENCES
A SPECIALTY.

EVART & APPLEMAN
Attorneys-at-Law,
810 F Street, N. W., P. O. Box 25.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

New Fall Goods Arriving Daily.

A new line of winter weights dress patterns in fancy flannels whip cords and serges, ranging from five to twelve dollars a pattern, no two patterns alike.

A large stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's

WINTER WRAPS

All new styles and prices reasonable. Come and see them.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

Our other departments are being replenished daily with new and seasonable goods.

THE FINEST GRADES OF FLOUR

$1.00, $1.10 and $1.30 per sack.

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

[illegible] this Cent. run. right by [illegible] minutes walk from W. N. Y. [illegible] Depot, left hand side of street [illegible] up. When in Olean make our your

HOME.

Childrens dull dongola kid button shoes. Good for wear hand made, heavy soles, we call them our Rocky Mountain School Shoes. B to E wide, size child's 8 to ladie's 5, all spring heels. 8 to 10 1-2, $1.75. 11 to 2, $2.00. 2 1-2 to 5, $3.00.

Also a new fine kid Shoe Goodyear hand welt, narrow and square toe, patent leather tip. A to E wide, $3.00

Send a mail order. You can run no risk. Money refunded if shoes do not please.

BLOODSWORTH & CO., Olean, N. Y.

SOME THINGS TO BUY IN BRADFORD.

Where the advantage of a great stock and consequent low buying prices count for much, it pays to go where that stock is. Most things can be better bought and cheaper in this store than in any store not larger. You know it if you have tried it.

Prices in this store are cut for Fall. They will remain cut until times become as they were. The lowest prices in this vicinity will be found in THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE. And everybody who buys chooses from all there is to choose from. All that the market offers is here. All prices, all qualities, all the best things and all the new are here. Isn't such a store the place to go.

LAMPS.

The Rochester Lamps are here and here only in Bradford. The lamps that three million homes use to-night because they give the best lamp light in the world.

We have about every lamp that anybody—down to 15 cent hand lamps—down to night lamps—up to the best lamps known.

STOVES.

There's an article that costs enough to make a sum worth saving on it.

We have a congregation of stoves that represents every stove that is used in this section. You can never know how cheap a stove can serve your purpose till you see a stock like this is. And here we show how good stoves can be.

PAINTS.

Here and here only you find Rubber Paint. For half a life time we have handled that paint and tested it. It is the best paint in the world for outside paint. It lasts as only Rubber paint can.

You have nothing to paint but we have time tested paint for it—from your carriage to your barn.

HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES.

There are five hundred of them in this stock. They are not what others handle—not half of them. Most have been chosen because they do things better than you do them now. Modern wives need a stock like this for ideas. It is a stock of suggestions—500 suggestions.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,

Emery & Weaver. Bradford, Pa.

BROWNELL BROS,
SMETHPORT, PA.,

We are sole agents of the above Suspenders.

Announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and embraces many

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

OUR EPICUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Good, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Domestics, &c.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT can not be beat. Fine Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children's wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market.

DR. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE
NO OPIUM.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
IS
Guaranteed to
CURE or Money Refunded.

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER!

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.

Weekly News of the World for a Trifle.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-four page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is filled with interesting reading matter for every member of a country family. It is a **NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER,** and gives all the general news of the United States and the world. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its **Agricultural** department has no superior in the country. Its **Market Reports** are recognized authority in all parts of the land. It has separate departments for **The Family Circle** and **Our Young Folks.** Its **Home and Society** columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE MINER" for

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $1.25

CASH IN ADVANCE.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.25.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Address all orders to
THE MINER,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2 Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

·1893.

EVERYTHING NEW FOR FALL!

House cleaning season is almost here and with it our new spring goods. We are better prepared for the occasion than ever. Should you need new

CARPETS

give us a call. We have ingrain from 25 cents per yard up. All wool, 2 ply ingrain at 57½ cents.
We also have a full line of

FURNITURE,
DRAPERIES,
WINDOW SHADES,
WALL PAPER,
OIL CLOTHS,

and in fact a full line of house furnishing goods.

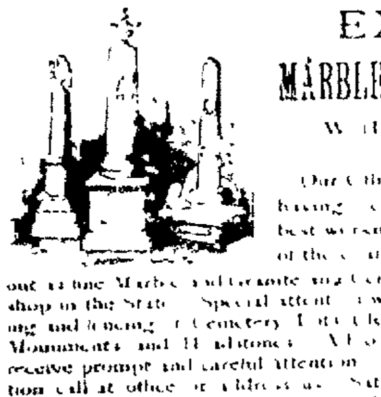
We sell for cash and by so doing can undersell houses that sell on time. We pay the freight on all out of town deals and will deliver and set up all furniture sold in town.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches a specialty. We shall endeavor to merit your esteemed patronage, which we respectfully solicit. Very truly yours,

FURNITURE AND CARPET COMPANY,

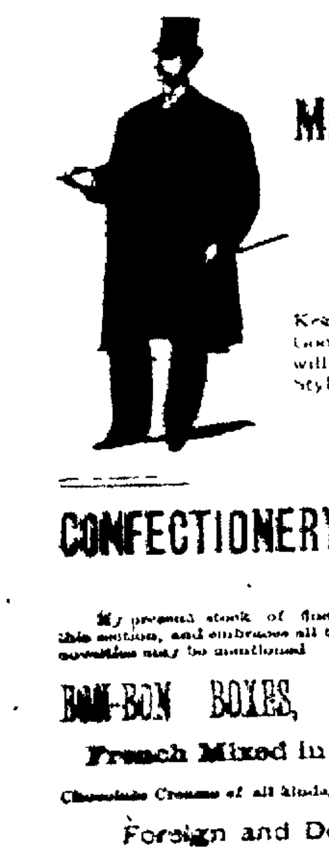
Smethport, Pa., Mar. [illegible] 1893.



EXCELSIOR
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

W. H. PRENTISS & CO., Props.

Our Office and works are now open, and having secured the services of one of the best workmen to be found in this section of the country we are now prepared to get out as fine Marble and Granite and Cemetery work as can be had at any shop in the State. Special attention will be paid to all orders for grading and fencing of Cemetery Lots, Cleaning, Resetting or Lettering of Monuments and Headstones. All orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt and careful attention. For prices or any other information call at office or address us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wait for our salesman. Office and Works on Water St., Smethport, Pa.



V. KLAPPENBACH,
MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Cor. King and Fulton Sts.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Keeps an assortment of English and French Goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved Styles, and entire

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CONFECTIONERY -:- AND -:- FRUITS!

My present stock of fine candies surpasses any heretofore shown in this section, and embraces all the finer as well as cheaper grades. Among the novelties may be mentioned

BON-BON BOXES, FINE CRYSTALIZED FRUITS,

French Mixed in 5-pound Boxes—Very Fine,

Chocolate Creams of all kinds, etc. Also a complete stock of

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Match Safes, in fact everything in the smokers' line.

GEO. A. BACKUS.

[illegible] in a tone perfectly inaudible beyond ourselves.

"Were you at home all day yesterday?"

"No; we went to Kew in the afternoon and came home latish."

"Ah! you left the house in the care of Mere Lucas?"

"Yes."

"Was she at home when you returned?"

"No; she came in about ten minutes later."

He nodded as if he had expected this.

"Did she say where she had been?" he asked.

"She went to see a friend in Soho, I think she said."

"Have you ever seen a friend call upon her here?"

"No."

He shook his head, smiling again, as if he had expected my reply.

"Of course," he said, "you found no locks broken or anything of that kind?"

"No."

"Well, that is all I have to ask you for the present, I think. But I need not tell you how important it is that no one should know of this conversation, least of all Mere Lucas."

"Why—you don't suspect she did it, do you?" I whispered.

"No," he replied, drawing the word out doubtfully, "but I feel tolerably certain on one point. There is very little doubt that if you had gone into the studio before Mere Lucas returned you would have found the mischief done. Whether she is more closely concerned in this abominable affair I shall be able to tell you when I have found out more about that mysterious friend in Soho. And I think I shall be able to tell you something about him before long. Now, my dear mademoiselle," he added, rising, "let me warn you again not to let Mere Lucas imagine you suspect her. Try to be just the same as usual with her, only keep your eyes open and your ears also, especially at night."

With this mysterious injunction he left me.

"Is it possible that Mere Lucas is the enemy?" I asked myself as I sat alone, shivering with nervous apprehension.

CHAPTER XVII.

[illegible]

I was still weighing Kavanagh's mysterious questions and dark insinuations, unable to draw any definite conclusions from the conflicting doubts that agitated my mind, when the door opened and Mere Lucas came in, her big mouth puckered up with pain and tears running down her cheeks.

"What a disaster! What a terrible calamity, my poor dear friend!" she exclaimed, dropping on a chair as if overcome with grief. And then rocking herself backward and forward she whimpered out her grief in a long chain of incoherent phrases broken by sobs behind the blue apron which she held to her eyes.

It seemed to me as I watched her impossible that such grief could be simulated; that any one could summon such a flow of tears from an unfeeling heart. But then I reflected the person chosen by the enemy's agent to execute so dangerous a mission must of necessity be extremely subtle and deceptive.

"The beautiful figures all torn down—the whole work ruined," she went on. "The work it has taken so long to make, the pride and joy of my dear master! I would rather the monsters had beaten me down and crushed the life out of me."

I asked myself if Mere Lucas was not overacting it now.

"And to say," she added, getting the better of her tears and dropping her apron, "to say that I am the cause of it all!"

"Does he say so?" I asked quickly.

"Ah! I would he had! Look you, my poor dear friend, it is easier to bear blame, when one deserves it, than forgiveness and words of kindness." She burst into tears again as she repeated the words with which Taras had tried to comfort her.

My judgment wavered. It was difficult to doubt the sincerity of her emotion.

"It is my fault, I say it," she cried, striking her breast, adding with dramatic simplicity, "and it is true. What right had I to leave the house when my master was away? What am I here for but to protect the house and my master's interests? If it had happened while I was at home it would have been a great misfortune, but at least I should not have been culpable; no one could have said I suffered the mischief to be done."

"Does any one say so now?" I asked.

"Who is to blame, my poor friend? Any wretch for nothing, watching his opportunity, might have passed the front door with a bent tool and walked in. And animal that I am, I did not even look round the place when I came in to see that all was safe as I left it."

Kavanagh's suggestive questions returned forcibly to my mind and I found it was quite possible that a crafty person should accuse herself of a part in order to screen herself from the suspicion of an act of treachery.

"And to think that this is my fault and that I [illegible] everything in the world to that dear master [illegible] expressly to show that there wasn't more gratitude in this world [illegible] turned out of doors, and then what would become of me!"

I started, thinking that I had a key to the mystery in that phrase. Had not the dread of being cast adrift induced Mere Lucas to connive at the destruction of the fatal group? If she had been warned of the fatal consequences to Taras which the production of the work must entail would she not, for his sake as well as her own, have taken this simple measure for averting such a terrible result, ranging her dispatch [illegible] my own? I believed she would, and my heart readily forgave her offense. But though affection for the old woman inclined me to accept this explanation I resolved to watch her closely till I had seen Kavanagh and heard the result of his inquiry respecting the friend in Soho.

I felt watchful when she went out shopping [illegible] and was lying at a tangle when I crept out in the darkest [illegible] listen on the stairs. I discovered [illegible] tending in the slightest degree to confirm the suspicion of her complicity in the outrage; on the contrary, her continued [illegible] which the cheerful reassurance of Taras failed to remove, seemed to confirm the sincerity of her sorrow and [illegible].

Apparently Kavanagh found greater difficulty than he had anticipated in his investigations, for a week elapsed before I saw him again. When he went up with Taras into the workshop to see the new group which was already taking form, I followed with the hope of finding an opportunity of hearing the communication which I thought he might have to make to me.

"I shall finish it now," said Taras confidently, "by the time [illegible] kiln is ready to be fired."

"If nothing happens to you or it in the meantime," said Kavanagh soberly.

"It isn't likely the rascals will try that game on again. If they do so much the worse for them. They will have to settle accounts with poor old Mere Lucas."

"And—if, nevertheless," said Kavanagh, with a glance at me as he turned to Taras, "that this group shared the fate of the last, what then?"

"What then? Why, I would begin another with a revolver by my side and never leave it till I gave it to the world to protect."

Kavanagh nodded gravely but made no other comment. For some minutes he stood silently watching Taras as he built up a fold in the drapery with pellets of moist clay. Then, recovering from his fit of abstraction, he looked at his watch and pleaded an engagement. Taras laid aside his clay, and despite his friend's remonstrances led the way down the steps to see him to the door.

In that moment Kavanagh, turning to me, murmured:

"I have something to tell you when I get the chance. But for heaven's sake, don't lose sight of Mere Lucas." Then he added some commonplace in a louder tone and ran down the steps.

At dinner time Taras said to me:

"I am going to smoke a pipe with Gordon presently. Will you walk as far as the Adelphi with me?"

Nothing would have pleased me more, but with Kavanagh's warning still ringing in my ears I dared not accept the offer.

"How long shall you stay with him?" I asked, thinking that if the time were not too long Mere Lucas might be left.

"A couple of hours or so, too long for you to walk. And I can't very well ask you to go up into his rooms."

"I know that." I had almost ceased to be exacting and no longer begrudged Taras the liberty which a man always wishes to feel. "Thank you very much, but I think I would rather stay at home tonight."

It was 8 o'clock when Taras started. At 9 Mere Lucas came in to bid me a huge [illegible] and then I began to listen to the footsteps in the street, though I had no reason to expect Taras in for at least another hour. At 10 o'clock I went out as noiselessly as I could and looked up at Mere Lucas' window. There was no light in the room, but as I reached the door of the workshop the window sash was thrown open, and her head in its white nightcap appeared. She had heard me unbolt the back door.

"Who is there?" she cried in a tone of alarm.

I told her it was I, who had come out to see if the lock which had been put on the workshop door was secure.

"My poor little friend," said she, "do you think I should be alive if I had not made sure of that? Is it that my good little master has not returned yet?"

I told her that I expected him in every minute, and with a mutual "good night" she closed the window, and I entered the house.

I had left a light in the kitchen. Looking round I saw that everything was in its place and the bright latchkey of the front door, which Mere Lucas used when she went out in the daytime, hanging over the dresser.

"Surely," I said to myself, reassured by these signs, "Kavanagh has been deceived. There is no necessity to watch Mere Lucas tonight."

I returned to the front room to listen again for Taras' footstep. At rare intervals my ear caught an approaching sound, and my heart rose with hopeful anticipation to sink lower than ever when the step became sufficiently audible for me to distinguish that it was not my friend's. As the minutes dragged on my anxiety increased. It occurred to me that Kavanagh's hint referred to some personal attack which he had reason to believe would be made upon Taras in the house that night, an attack which Mere Lucas was to facilitate by admitting her accomplices when he slept. It might have been agreed that in the event of his going out the attack should be postponed, in view of the uncertainty with regard to the hour of his return. That would account for Mere Lucas' perfectly harmless attitude.

After waiting a little while another supposition suggested itself. What if the scene of attack had simply been shifted by Taras going out? I had heard rumors of persons being robbed on the embankment and thrown into the river. Taras had an infatuation for the embankment, which might be known to his watchful enemies. They might waylay him at some point between Westminster bridge and Lambeth and silence him in that expeditious way.

At that moment Big Ben chimed the three-quarters past 10. I strained my ears to catch some other sound, but none broke the intense silence. I resolved to end my intolerable suspense by going out to find Taras.

I slipped off my shoes and ran silently upstairs. From my room I took a small hat and a dark ulster, shut the door, and having assured myself by the sound of Mere Lucas' peaceful breathing that there was certainly no danger in leaving her, I descended to the living room and in a couple of minutes completed my preparation.

Not a soul was in sight when I looked out. With the key I had taken from the kitchen I closed the door carefully and then sped on on my strange mission. The Albert embankment was deserted but for a poor wretch asleep under the wall of the hospital. It struck [illegible] as I crossed Westminster bridge. Keeping the north side I hastened along the Victoria embankment, eagerly scanning every figure that came within my range of vision, turned up Villiers street and then on to the Adelphi terrace. A brougham stood before an open door. The driver was doing something to the [illegible] a bit. [illegible] on the terrace [illegible] saw him stop to look at me, but [illegible] busied himself again with the harness. On the fanlight of the door was written, "Arundel Chambers." It was there that Gordon had his rooms. I stopped, asking myself what I should do now.

The brisk walk had dissipated that part of my anxiety which was due to morbid imagination. It was on my mind to ask the driver of the brougham if he had seen any one leave the house when he caught his eyes around and gave me another furtive look.

He was a picturesque looking man, gaunt and ungainly, with deep sunk eyes and hollow cheeks, and the melancholy glance under his bristling brows was so suspicious and menacing that, in my nervous, hesitating mood, I could not summon resolution to speak to him. I walked toward the end of the terrace to settle what course I should take, but before I had gone a dozen yards from the door I turned round impatient of my indecision, with the resolve to speak to the man. [illegible] had just come from [illegible] and was now looking down the terrace in the opposite direction. He turned his head slowly and looked toward me.

[illegible] Taras. I saw that at the first glance, but the next instant I perceived that it was Kavanagh. I knew him by his [illegible] erect military looking figure, his [illegible] He must have seen me [illegible] have recognized me, for I [illegible] of a lamp, but as if [illegible] discretion he [illegible] and sauntered [illegible] brougham spoke a few words to him, inaudible to me at that distance, and then sauntered back to the house.

His presence reassured me, and I was glad that I had neither gone up to Gordon's rooms nor spoken to the driver. [illegible] Nevertheless I could not make [illegible] back to [illegible] the end of [illegible] where the railings at the corner [illegible] street [illegible] and there I stayed.

[illegible] Taras in [illegible] the corner [illegible] but Kavanagh was [illegible]

[To be Continued.]

Sealed the Bargain 33 Years.

Capt. A. P. Loud is a prominent resident of Hampden, Me. For 33 years he sailed the seas and upon retiring from seafaring was appointed by the U. S. [illegible] to superintend its interests in the Mackerel Fisheries, a position he held for years. In speaking of his experience, he says: "For several years I was greatly troubled with nervousness, and a pain in the region of my heart. It was almost impossible for me to get rest and sleep. Physicians from New York to Bar Harbor did me no good, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and New Heart Cure speedily and completely cured me. I owe my present good health to them."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank R. Foster, Druggist.

Horses, Cattle, Dogs, etc.

The Humphreys' Medicine Company of New York, will mail on application a complimentary copy Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (500 pages) on the treatment and care of horses, cattle, dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry.

One word describes it—perfection—We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and it is a well known cure for piles. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Sensitive people can purchase Humphreys' Specifics by simply asking the druggist for the needed number alone, without disclosing or mentioning the disease for which it is a cure.

All the talk in the world will not convince you one half as quickly as one trial of DeWitt's witch hazel salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affections and piles. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

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DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures piles.
DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures burns.
DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures sores.
DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures ulcers.
Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last sixty years. It cures coughs and colds. For sale by H. C. Wells.

ART FOR AMATEURS.

CUT OF DOOR SKETCHING.

An Easy Recipe at the Best Season For Beginners.

Few amateurs take up the study of painting without the idea of eventually sketching in the open air. The late summer and autumn is the best time to work, as the scenery is then more varied than earlier in the year. A gray day is preferable for the beginner to a sunny one, objects being much more distinct than if obscured by a heat mist.

If when sketching you intend to give your whole mind to the work, and if time is of value to you, do not set out with poor material. A cheap, shaky easel should be avoided. Do not have a three legged stool, as it cramps the limbs, besides interfering with your rising to step back from your picture as frequently as desirable, a thing which students are apt to forget.

The wish to put detail into any part of a tree or foreground often confuses a beginner. A small brush may be used, but the color must not be applied in dots and spots or the result will be weak and without form or color. Variety of color and form is essential in all detail work.

Unless you are a first rate draftsman, familiar with the theory of composition, avoid trying to improve on nature. Do not be too anxious to choose an easy subject for landscape work, as you therefore betray lack of talent and self reliance.

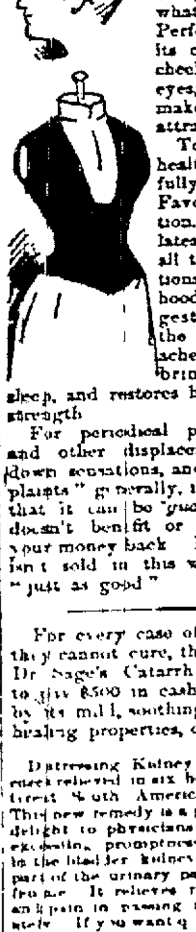
A picture should never look labored. If it be overworked it will have a heavy, lifeless appearance.

It is wrong to say that we paint things as we see them. Did we do so, we should have to compete with nature. Flat and simple parts may be rendered realistically, but no painter can model the larger forms with equal force, therefore all the lesser details must harmonize with the larger. Details may enliven, but they do not produce a graceful picture.

The choice of material often puzzles the beginner. To begin, The Art Amateur authority for the foregoing useful items, advises that water colors are infinitely better suited for sketching than oils. If for no other reason they should be used on account of the facility with which the sketches can be carried and also because so much paraphernalia is not necessary. A Whatman sketching block, a water bottle with a tin cup, a box of colors, a pencil and a few brushes is all that is absolutely necessary. An easel and stool can perfectly well be done without if the student does not wish to be burdened with them.

The Right Background For Paintings.

The best background on which to hang paintings is a plain dull red felt paper. This color seems to bring out all the delicate harmonies of tone in a picture and does not kill the effect as a brighter or colder color might. Nothing is worse than to hang a picture rich in coloring and sunlight effects on a blue or pearl colored wall. All the brightness and warmth will go out of the painting, and it will seem dead and lifeless, while hung against a red background all the colors are strengthened and the whole picture warmed into life.



FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be *guaranteed.* If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good"?

For every case of Catarrh which they cannot cure, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to give $500 in cash. You're cured by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, or you're paid.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

"During my term of service in the army I contracted chronic diarrhoea," says A. E. Bending, of Haley, Oregon. "Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief they would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follow." For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Ignorance of the merits of DeWitt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation, and biliousness. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

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It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Risers are the smallest pill that will perform a cure, and are the best. For sale by A. B. Armstrong.

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DRUGGISTS' -:- SUNDRIES.

Prescriptions promptly filled.

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CARRIAGE AND
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CARRIAGE PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

Repairing in all its branches promptly done by the aid of competent workmen, I am able to turn out first class work at moderate prices.

Agent for Edmund's Celebrated Hoof Expander, a positive cure for contracted feet. A reward of $500 will be paid for any case of contraction that cannot be cured by the use of this contrivance.

Palmer & Church,

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STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Prompt attention to orders by wire.

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The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreuger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

For Lumbering Purposes, with Patent Brakes desired.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

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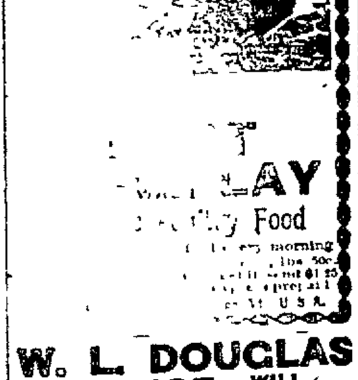

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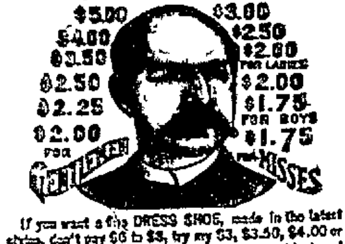

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy.

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BUGGIES at ½ Price
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[illegible] Top Buggy [illegible] Phaeton [illegible] Road Wagon [illegible] Road Cart [illegible] Buggy Harness [illegible]
We Cut the PRICES and outsell ALL competitors. Buy of factory and save middleman's profit. [illegible]
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BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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$173,250.00

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1,155	STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES	$34,650 00
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115,500	ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS	57,750 00
115,500	LARGE PICTURES (14x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them	28,875 00
261,030	PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO	$173,250 00

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We will distribute 226 of these prizes in this county as follows:

To THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from this county we will give	1 GOLD WATCH.
To the FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, 1 OPERA GLASS	5 OPERA GLASSES.
To the TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE	20 POCKET KNIVES.
To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM TOOTH PICK	100 TOOTH PICKS.
To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 LARGE PICTURE IN ELEVEN COLORS	100 PICTURES.

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepaid.

READ.—SPEAR HEAD possesses more qualities of intrinsic value than any other plug tobacco produced. It is the sweetest, the toughest, the richest. SPEAR HEAD is absolutely, positively and distinctively different in flavor from any other plug tobacco. A trial will convince the most skeptical of this fact. It is the largest seller of any similar shape and style on earth, which proves that it has caught the popular taste and pleases the people. Try it, and participate in the contest for prizes. See that a TIN TAG is on every 10 cent piece of SPEAR HEAD you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

Very sincerely,
THE P. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

A list of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

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Remember we are agents for the popular Clothing Firm of G. W. Simmons & Co., Boston, Mass. All orders left with us are promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thanking our customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we shall by honest and fair dealings, endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

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We have a large stock of the latest designs in furniture and we are able to offer some very attractive bargains. If you want a single piece of furniture or an outfit for your home, it will pay you to see our stock.

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A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
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$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
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$2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, } LADIES.
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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To reduce your weight SURELY use Willard's Obesity Pills and lose 15 pounds a month. No injury to the health. No interference with business or pleasure. NO STARVING. They build up and improve the general health, beautify the complexion and leave NO WRINKLES. *Lucy Anderson, 34 Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., writes: Three bottles of your Obesity Pills reduced my weight from 226 pounds to 190 and I never felt better in all my life. I am much pleased with the result, and shall do all I can to help you.* Our patrons include Physicians, Bankers, Lawyers and leaders of Society. Our goods are not sold in drug stores; all orders are supplied direct from our office. Price per package $2.00 or three packages for $5.00 by mail prepaid. Particulars (sealed) 4cts. ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL. 15 6m

WILLARD REMEDY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy. Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. If you can't get it send to us. Ask first. Sample for 25 cts. in stamps, five packs $1. Large 2 1-4 lb. can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5, express prepaid. Sample copy of "The Best Poultry Paper" sent free. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c.) and large can $1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Subscribe for the MINER.

HEADACHE!

Of all forms, Neuralgia, Spasms, Fits, Sleeplessness, Dullness, Dizziness, [illegible] etc., are cured by DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE, discovered by the eminent Indiana Specialist in nervous diseases. It does not contain opiates or dangerous drugs. "Have been taking DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for [illegible]. From December to January [illegible] using the Nervine I had at least 15 convulsions, and now after three months' use have no more attacks."—JOHN B. COLLINS, [illegible] "I have been using DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE for about four months. It [illegible] relief and cure. I [illegible]"—[illegible] Fine book of great cures and trial bottles FREE at Druggists everywhere, or address DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

INSURANCE

Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.

In good reliable companies.

THE [illegible]
In effect July 6, [illegible]
Trains leave Smethport for [illegible] Eldred, Olean, [illegible], Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

BUFFALO EXPRESS ......[illegible] A. M.
BUFFALO MAIL ......[illegible] P. M.

Train leaving Smethport at [illegible] P. M. connects at Eldred with B. & A. V. for Bradford; at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, and points south:
CLERMONT MAIL ......7:35 A. M.
CLERMONT ACCOMMOD'N ......[illegible] P. M.
LOCAL ......7:00 P. M.

Clermont Mail connects through to Johnsonburgh.

Get Time Tables giving full information from
A. K. WORNER, Ticket Agent.
M. BELL, General Sup't.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T'k. Ag't.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua R. R. Co.

Direct lines between Bradford, Kane and the Elk county oil field.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 14, 1893.

WESTWARD				EASTWARD		
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.	STATIONS.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
7 45		[illegible]	ar. Bradford lv.	7 [illegible]		5 00
7 03		[illegible]	Kinzua Junct'n	[illegible]		5 45
6 57		[illegible]	Alton	[illegible]		5 55
6 45		[illegible]	Davis	[illegible]		6 01
6 36		[illegible]	Simpson	[illegible]		6 11
6 23		[illegible]	Ormsby	[illegible]		6 25
[illegible]		[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]		[illegible]
5 55		[illegible]	Mt. Jewett	[illegible]		[illegible]
5 10		[illegible]	Kane	10 [illegible]		[illegible]
4 46			Carlson	[illegible]		
4 34			Spring Creek	[illegible]		
4 11			Sheffield J.	[illegible]		
4 00			Watson	[illegible]		
3 20			Mariansville	[illegible]		
1 00			Clarion	[illegible]		
12 15			Foxburg	[illegible]		
11 49			Parker	[illegible]		
11 19			Petrolia	[illegible]		
11 00			Karns	[illegible]		
10 50			Millerstown	[illegible]		
10 05			Butler	[illegible]		
8 10			Wildwood	7 [illegible]		
7 30			Allegheny	7 [illegible]		
a. m.				p. m.		

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Superintendent.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

Between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania.

On and after June 4, 1893, passenger trains will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett, daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

6.45 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

2.00 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

5.00 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Sundays only. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

4.00 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburgh, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

2.15 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

5.30 p. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburgh, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

D. LUNDERMAN, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
J. H. BARRETT, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Gen'l Superintendent, Rochester, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, July 6, 1891.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D.		
A. M.	P M	P. M.		A. M.	P M	P M
11 00	[illegible]	1.05	Coudersport	[illegible]	1.30	[illegible]
10.50	[illegible]	1.00	Pine Creek Jc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.37	7.56	12.50	Hammond	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.31	7.56	12.44	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.47	7 44	[illegible]	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.41	7.50	12.47	Mina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10 32	7 44	12.40	Knowlton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10 27	7.40	[illegible]	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.14	7.30	[illegible]	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.04	7.25	12.16	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
10.00	7.20	12.11	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

PINE CREEK DIVISION.

1 46 p m	6 15 a m	Coudersport	a m 7.10	p m [illegible]
1 11	6 16	Pine Creek Junction	7.07	[illegible]
1.17	6 21	Fair Ground	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 20	6 27	Ladona	[illegible]	[illegible]
.25	6.30	Sweden Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 28, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION
EASTWARD.

6:25 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:45 p. m., Washington, 8.15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3 00 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4 30 a. m., New York 7:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:30 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 a. m., New York 9:30 a. m., Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7 [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

5 15 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations, leaves Ridgway 3:00 p. m. for Erie.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

7:05 p. m.—Train 11 daily except Sunday Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 1 leaves Renovo 6.35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Jc. 8.15 a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington a. m. 7:30, Baltimore 8:45 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10 15 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Emporium Junction 7:00 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

Train 3, leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:40 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. 10:30 a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
Daily except Sunday.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
9 40	Ridgway	11 44
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 10	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
10 12	Straight	11 19
10 24	Instanter	11 14
10 30	Smith's Run	[illegible]
10 37	Woodvale	11 00
10 44	Clermont	[illegible]

Connections are made with train 1, leaving Johnsonburg at 3:10 p. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m. also at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 1:46 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

TO KEEP HEALTHY YOUR LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.

YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

Garfield Tea [illegible]
Cures Constipation

ONE DOLLAR
EVERY HOUR

is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work, this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income,—our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease by which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business—none fail. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business which we offer. No capital risked. Women are grand workers, nowadays they make as much as men. They should try this business, as it is so well adapted to them. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, Portland, Me.